The New REPUBLIC

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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INDICATIONS are accumulating that the time of Congress may be occupied less with the appropriation bills and the remains of the legislative programme of the administration than with the problems of military reorganization and national defense. The Republicans will do their best to concentrate public interest on the military unpreparedness of the country. Lacking, as they are, in an available and promising domestic policy, they need an issue on which they can assume an aggressive national attitude, one that will distract popular attention from economic issues and problems. The issue of national defense is precisely what they need. It offers the opportunity which every party seeks of converting patriotic feeling into partisan capital, and rarely is such an excellent opportunity provided. The military unpreparedness of the United States is notorious. It can be proved out of official document. It is not even denied by those who favor its continuation. It was bad enough during the years of Republican rule, but attempts were being made to diminish it. It has become worse since the Democrats have come into power. The Republicans can fasten a certain amount of responsibility for existing conditions on their opponents—enough to furnish them with a partisan issue. All they need in order to convert the issue into a veritable sword of partisan warfare is a refusal by the Democrats in Congress to consider the question and provide a sufficient remedy.

THE Democrats should not allow the Republicans to appropriate the issue of national defense. They should not encourage an agitation in favor of a very much more expensive and burdensome military establishment by refusing to provide a remedy for the deficiencies of our existing military and naval organization and equipment. No doubt such an agitation is the inevitable result of the European war, but if it must come, the opponents of militarism should not allow their forces to be divided by any action or any failure to act which

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country by a sort of alternating arrangement, but

United States is not prepared to defend itself against attack. Its military establishment it not only entirely insufficient to support the Monroe Doctrine, or to defend the Philippines, Panama and Hawaii, but it is inadequate to protect our sea coast from invasion. The country must adapt its military organization and equipment to its needs. In order that the army and navy may not be excessively burdensome, it may be necessary frankly to abandon certain responsibilities which the nation has assumed in South America and the Pacific; but even though responsibilities are diminished, the preparations remain flagrantly inadequate. The Democrats should recognize this fact, and should blunt the edge of the sword which the Republicans will try to sharpen for their undoing. They should see that the fleet is sufficiently manned, and that its fighting efficiency is fully restored. They should vote larger appropriations for the equipment of the army and for adequate reserves of ammunition, guns and other military supplies. Finally, they should accept Congressman Gardner's resolutions providing for a full investigation into the subject of national defense and military organization. If they fail to do as much as this, they will be inviting a popular agitation which will be dangerous to their success at the next election, equally dangerous to national security and peace, and fatally distracting to steady progress in the work of social improvement.

AN orgy of map-searching and map-changing has brought into prominence the free but not unlimited country of Moresnet. This sovereign state had its origin in a boundary dispute between Holland and Prussia. The Council of Vienna, not wishing to have another war while everybody was so tired, decided to neutralize the disputed territory under the joint control of Holland and Prussia, and when Belgium became independent from Holland she kept this half-interest in the 1,500-acre nation. For years Belgium and Germany ruled the

what is virtually self-government. They have no standing army, and obviously they could have no other kind. Being only a mile wide and a mile and a half long, the state of Moresnet has no imperial ambitions such as might be the curse of a thirty-mile country like Luxemburg. It has no coinage, no king, and little crime. It contains a mountain and a zinc mine, and, unless the Germans stepped on it on the way from Aix-la-Chappelle to Liège, three thousand people.

THERE is no use in making believe that talk about prosperity or the contemplation of little Mary Sunshine will supply an answer to the hideous suffering of the approaching winter. We are face to face with a state of affairs so bad that already an organized charity like the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reports more people on its hands than at any time in the seventy-one years of its history. It had forty-five per cent more families to take care of this November than it had last. On the lower East Side so many families have been evicted that one of the Justices who is forced to sign the orders has revolted publicly at the task. From Chicago come little items like this: "One State Street store at ten o'clock had been visited by four hundred and fifty-six applicants for positions. Of that number the management selected three girls." These facts indicate an inordinate amount of misery made in the U.S.A. They call for quick, concerted and generous action, which we shall not get by covering up the facts for fear of hurting business, or by starting a hundred overlapping, badly informed and badly financed committees, or by looking only on what is called the bright side of things. Every city needs to do at once what the New York city administration has this week done—appoint a central commission to coordinate all the existing agencies, to dig out the facts, to estimate the extent of the problem, and to drive a realization of what it means into the heads and hearts of all of us. The well-to-do are going to have to give this winter, the taxpayer is going to have to stand for real expenditure. But the giving will be totally inadequate and the spending of what is given will be wasteful if the newspapers and public officials are silent about the needs, and voluble about the little committees and the haphazard efforts of our well-meaning but undirected good-will.

JUST now it is not a question of a radical remedy for unemployment. What we have failed to plan in comparative prosperity we shall not be able to carry out spontaneously in a terrible emergency. establish unemployment insurance, to take the "unemployable" out of the labor market, to regularize production. All these necessary steps may receive an impetus this winter when people have seen what it means to be unprepared for a crisis, and when they have been thoroughly frightened by the demonstrations of the unemployed. But this legislation will not immediately help the thousands of families who are already in want of beds and food and clothes. Their first need is self-respecting relief, given to them because they have to have it. At the present rate of giving they are not going to be relieved. We are informed by one competent observer that the charities at home are having their budgets cut something like fifty per cent because the more spectacular suffering of the Belgians has diverted much of the normal giving, and because there has been a good deal of "economy" among the rich which has left the American charities with smaller resources to meet a larger demand. It suggests how unseeing and how fickle is private philanthropy, for terrible as it is to starve in Belgium, it is no less terrible to starve in the United States.

KILLED: 3631. This is the record of mines and quarries in the United States last year. It means a death rate of about three and a half per thousand. To complete the picture we learn that the injured are estimated at one hundred thousand. These figures are from the report of the Bureau of Mines, and are accompanied by a statement of the Director, Dr. Joseph H. Holmes, that, taking the hazards of the industry into consideration, the losses are excessive and unnecessary. We commend the miners to the consideration of those who fear that peace will destroy the courage of mankind.

NEWS dispatches this week suggest that the President is considering whether he should ask Congress to amend the Sherman Anti-trust Law so as to allow exporters to cooperate in foreign markets. This amendment might be accompanied by an inquiry of the new Trade Commission into the industrial combinations abroad with which American merchants compete. The suggestion, we believe, is a good one. It would be public recognition of the fact that artificially preserved competition is an anomaly when markets have widened to the world. It would be the abandonment of prejudice against size, and the beginning of an open avowal that the object of legislation about business is not to obstruct organization or to hinder cooperation. The people of the United States have no interest in unbending roles. Their interest as consumers, as

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ADMIRAL Mahan will be missed not only by his friends but by everybody who likes controversy at its best. Dying at the age of seventy-four, after making his mark upon the thought of our time, he had probably done his work as a writer of books. But his admirable work as a newspaper controversialist was by no means over. Every now and then, though not nearly so often as he had something to say, he would send to one of the New York papers a letter upon some topic of immediate interest; perhaps a protest against unfair attacks upon Colonel Roosevelt's motives, perhaps a discussion of the ethical questions raised by Mr. Bruce Ismay's departure from the Titanic. No one else had quite such a happy hand in controversy. Nearly every one of his letters proved the possibility of using courtesy and fairness as highly destructive weapons.

"UNDER a Democratic President and Governor," says the *New York Evening Post*, "Kansas has produced a record wheat crop amounting to double her best preceding yield." But against this admittedly magnificent achievement there was the fire in Salem, Mass., the loss of the Davis tennis cup, civil war in Mexico, uncivil war in Europe, a dry September, and the hoof-and-mouth epidemic.

IT would have been slightly miraculous if the war had come to an end without protests against breaches of neutrality by Colombia and Ecuador. There will be more of these protests. Peru, in particular, is almost certain to be technically guilty of offenses against neutrality. From a point a little below the Gulf of Guayaquil southward for more than five hundred miles her coast is barren, with long unlighted and uninhabited tracts. Such a coast is an invitation to belligerents to slip in and establish a wireless station. In the heavy fogs which abound there it is easy for a belligerent vessel to come and go unobserved. Peru can do little but go through the motions of keeping this part of her coast patrolled. She must trust more to the difficulties of navigation than to her own vigilance.

THE success of the Institute opened by Columbia University for the purpose of providing public lectures, concerts, etc., at small costs, suggests the question why university graduate courses of historical, literary and philosophical interest should not be made public on similar terms. If the public are intelligent enough to follow a single lecture where the professor concentrates into an hour the work of a month, why not a series? Why should a professor of distinction and of more than local reputation be listened to only by the dozen graduate students who happen to be "taking their degree" in his department? The wider audience should have a bracing effect upon the speaker. The idea that he is giving his substance not only to perfunctory or awe-impressed students would tend to increase his responsibility. There would, of course, be the usual objection on the ground of the sensationalism of the press. Professors giving public courses might find their ideas distorted and spread in scare-heads through the papers. They themselves might be discredited and ridiculed. The sensitive professorial soul without any great conviction of the value of his course usually has a horror of notoriety, and yet, on the other hand, there must be professors who want or would be willing to have exactly that.

THE horrors of the present war are intensified by the psychological reverberations which it sends through every part of the civilized world. In spite of the widespread character of the Napoleonic operations, the world could know very little of what was going on. Owing to the slowness of communication and the paucity of newspapers, what little there was known was limited to a very narrow range of readers. And the later continental wars were so localized as to interest a relatively small number of peoples or classes. But in the case of the present conflict there can be scarcely a person in the civilized world who does not feel an almost personal interest in the issues. That millions of men of all nations are being put at once in possession of these details of slaughter and ruin and turn of battle, with all the ensuing emotions, is a moving thought. And we are far more sensitive than the world was in its rawer days. Never could it have felt as we feel the recoiling horror of the thing, nor were there so many ideals and hopes of civilization and peace to be shattered into bits as ours have been. If the Peace Movement and the Socialist Movement did not prevent war, they at least taught huge masses of men to loath it. Thus we are doubly ravaged. The injury to good-will and idealism in the different nations will not be the least of the war.

A RECENT High School bulletin from the West advises its students, "Talk over your work at home. Tell about the interesting things in history, in English or in science, or your hard problems in mathematics. That will help you master your work." In other words, master your school work at home by methods which, owing to the

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ONE'S credulity is stretched by reading in Petrograd dispatches that the German Crown Prince has been defeated on both the left and the right wing of the Eastern army on the same day, and that he is retreating simultaneously in two opposite directions. One need not be a rabid anti-royalist to feel that the Heir Apparent is hardly agile enough to accomplish this feat. One may also have doubts that General von Mackensen, a man of commoner clay, was crushed just south of the Vistula, also near Wielun, eighty miles distant. Granted Germany's superb system of military roads and railways, it yet seems that she would be compelled to divide her catastrophes more equally among her generals. The tradition about the Crown Prince originated while he was being defeated on the Western field. In the early days of the war it was no uncommon day's work for His Highness to be cut off, surrounded and annihilated on the center, on the left, in Alsace, and in odds and ends of Belgium and environs. Without disrespect it must be said that the enemy has not learned to recognize the Kaiser's eldest son except from a front view. Whenever they see anyone running, they say, "There goes the Crown Prince."

SIR Oliver Lodge has been conversing with friends physically dead as he might "converse with any one" at the meeting in London of the Society for Psychical Research. Some of the proofs of this statement "are being published." Let us assume that they have been published, and that in a single instance they do prove "the survival of bodily death." Let us minimize the importance of what they prove by granting that the solitary survivor's mind appears to have been impaired. Let us grant also that proof of survival is not proof of immortality, and that a second and absolute death may occur at any moment. Seen against a Christian background of faith in the immortality of everybody's soul, the thing proved does not look very large. Even so, would not this proof of the existence, perhaps for only a few years, of one life after death matter as much to mankind as proof of anything that has ever been proved?

MANY people protest that the United States had no obligations under the Hague Conventions, pointing out that these were "simply and solely" a gentleman's agreement among the nations; that "no penalties were fixed for backsliders, and no machinery for devising penalties was created." The point is only too well taken. It is a sad fact which everyone knows that the Hague Conventions rest on no force, and that at the first test they vanished. But we had the opportunity. We had the chance to put behind the Hague Conventions the force of neutral opinion. A world statesman would have seen—it was pointed out to the President at the end of July—that never was there a better chance to make a world's judgment articulate than when the Belgian crime was about to be committed. A warning in the last days of peace that the United States would not ignore the violation of the Hague Conventions would have injected into European diplomacy the dramatic fact that the law of the world was not an empty phrase. The steadying effect of that in those dizzy days is, of course, impossible to calculate now. It would at least have shown that there is such a thing as moral judgment among nations, that wrongs face the disinterested criticism of mankind, that somebody whose life is not at stake cares about the decency of the world. It would have suggested that at the next crisis a league of neutrals must be prepared to act, and so there would have been laid an historic precedent from which to build a world organization. Had we acted on Belgium, it would not have been so simple for Japan as the ally of England to violate China a few weeks later. Yet when we might have done the great service, we did nothing. We just comforted our souls by shrieking for peace.

CHICAGO'S Morals Commission was created on Tuesday night. The first news item about it which reaches us is a statement of Prof. Charles R. Henderson that the protection of the children of unmarried mothers is to be taken up immediately. It is a most moral beginning, and if the Commission goes on to protect the mothers, and from that to protecting women of the streets from blackmail and extortion, from horrid slums, low wages, no wages, educated ignorance and social superstition, it will indeed be a moral Commission.

MRS. Charles A. Beard complains that American history writers, notably Woodrow Wilson, do not make any mention of the achievements of women. Mrs. Beard thinks it is time that a history was written which treated women less anonymously; she is tired of having the sex referred to as "among those present" or "other persons" or "and their families." One might think from this criticism that Mr. Wilson referred to Pocahontas as "a so-called Indian princess" and to Barbara Frietchie as "a certain elderly party." But this would be an error, as these ladies are not mentioned at all. An examination of the index of the five-volume "History of the American People" shows distinct reference by name to Anne Hutchin-

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Property Rights in Colorado

IN appointing mediators for future disputes in the Colorado coal mines the President has acted wisely, and he has done equally well in issuing his statement of Sunday deploring the intolerant attitude of the coal companies. If, however, as is feared in some quarters, this action is merely a prelude to a withdrawal of the troops from Colorado, it will mean that the President, after a brave show of good intentions, has capitulated in advance of the battle. His protest, if it be followed by the removal of the troops, will be no more effective than was the whispered protest of Luxemburg to invading Germany. A gentle Mediterranean wind will as soon sweep Gibraltar from its base as such a mildly exerted moral influence sway the clear-thinking gentlemen of the coal companies.

These gentlemen know what they want and how to get what they want, and while they have a Sunday morning respect for the President's office, they have shown that they care no more during business hours for the actual President of the United States and all the politicians and agitators and pastors and social reformers in the country than they care for the gentle-faced Socialists who denounce them at street corners. The great coal operators can talk movingly concerning liberty and the right of humble American workmen to labor under any and all conditions, but what they really want is absolute and unquestioned dominion, a dominion extending over private action and private thought, and untempered by trade unions or other cooperative action of work-people. "You may be sure of this," said President John C. Osgood of the Victor-American Fuel Company, "when this strike is over we shall try a damn sight harder to keep the organizers out of our camps than we ever have before."

It was a social war that brought the troops to Colorado, and it is impossible, in considering the horrors and catastrophes of that social war, to absolve the mine owners from responsibility. It is true that the situation was not an easy one, for the strikers, evicted from the camps, were desperate and armed. But it was the mine owners who, even before the outbreak of the strike, repelled all advances and rejected all compromises. It was they who set aside the laws of the State, and contemptuously refused to meet the representatives of their employees during those early days when the strike might have been averted. Nor can they avoid the charge of a negligence which has led to killing. When their agents broke the stocks of their rifles over the heads of defenseless prisoners and later killed those prisoners, the mine owners who ultimately paid these agents were innocent and ignorant, as they harassed and embittered men who needed no provocation. But when the companies gathered together professional fighters and their paid employees clothed in State uniform, they did not carefully assure themselves that all these fellows in whose hands guns were placed were graduates in good standing of approved Sunday schools. The result was brutality on both sides. If the mine guards and militia intentionally or unintentionally killed wives and children of strikers, the strikers themselves were not innocent of horrible atrocities. It was a conflict out of which no one came with credit, least of all the great leaders responsible for the conduct of the industry, for they were in position, had they wished, to learn the character of the men they armed.

In a larger sense, however, the responsibility is not personal. The more we study this struggle, the more clearly we see that we are dealing not so much with human perversity and cruelty as with an anomalous situation, based upon our antiquated conceptions of private property, and due in final instance to our very own conservatism. The situation resulting in all this bloodshed is one in which a man's employer owns not only the place in which he works but also the store at which he must buy, the house in which he must dwell, the streets upon which he must walk and the roads leading to and from this privately owned city. The workman is surrounded by private property rights, and all these rights inhere in his employer. The laborer's rights are extraordinarily attentuated. He can be expelled from the town with or without reason, for the town is private property. Without the company's permission no friend can come to him from the outside, for the town, privately owned, is usually situated in a cañon with a single road leading to it, and on that road stands the camp marshal, an employee of the company, with the power to make arrests and keep out unwelcome people. In one camp the State Superintendent of Public Education, on a tour of inspection, was stopped by a camp marshal and threatened with a revolver. Other State officials have been denied admittance to these privately owned towns. The right to eject is as absolute as the right to refuse admittance. If workmen gather for any purpose which the company dislikes or merely suspects, the guilty men can be sent "down the cañon." The camp marshal is under no obligation in exiling men to invent ingenious excuses. He merely says "Get out," and the man goes. The whole life of the worker is one continued trespass upon private property.

Under such conditions, what do the laws of the State avail, or, for that matter, the laws and Constitution of the United States? Is it a wonder that the laws of Colorado, guaranteeing the rights of

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tion to complain, was in danger of eviction. There could be no appeal from a company which surrounded the man with this ring of private rights.

It is true that this state of affairs is perfectly compatible with benevolent intentions on the part of the coal companies. It does not appear that wages in the Colorado mines were lower, and perhaps they were even higher than elsewhere, and the houses in which the men lived, the stores at which they bought, and the schools in which their children were educated do not seem to have been below the general level found in similar communities. But the intolerable factor in the whole Colorado situation is that even where the company was well-meaning, there was the ever present temptation to invade the workman's personal rights. Injustice was inevitable. According to Mr. John A. Fitch, whose careful study of the Colorado situation appears in this week's *Survey*, "the disregard of law, the stern repression of every attempt at collective action, the régime that made it perilous for miners even to hold meetings to discuss their common good, the suspicion of the honesty of weights where the miner had no chance to watch the scale, and finally, the helplessness of their situation, marooned as they were on company property, trespassers when on the highway, and always under the watchful eye of a marshal employed by the company to note and check every move toward collective action—all these combined to create a condition for the miners that was nothing short of intolerable."

The Colorado mining problem thus becomes one of inescapable conflict between uncontrolled property rights and the rights of the people as represented by the State and the nation. Just as the coal operator, ruling over his workmen who live precariously upon his private property, ignored the authority of the State, so now he ignores the well-meant suggestions of the President of the United States. What has the mine-owner to fear? The President cannot take property without due process of law; he cannot legislate the mine-owners out of their possession of the houses and churches and streets of their privately owned towns. What can the President do?

There is surely one thing he can do. He can refuse to withdraw the troops. As long as the soldiers remain the question remains open. The President has been patient. He has presented a plan of peace and it has been rejected by the coal operators. He has offered his good services, and the coal operators have declined them. He is now to be requested to get out. If he submits, if he removes the troops when asked, his whole intervention will have been worse than useless. It will have persuaded the American workmen that their rights lapse when to help them, even if he wished, so the President of the United States is powerless. Whether the President has the right to close down the mines, or to administer them pending the continuance of the conditions which gave rise to intervention, is a question which we do not seek to answer at this time. But that the President has not yet exhausted his full powers seems clear. The responsibility for the evil already done must be laid where it belongs, and the continued presence of the Federal troops must be used to concentrate the public mind upon the situation. Let the President refuse to withdraw the troops and state openly why he refuses, and let the troops stay there to guard the peace and point the moral, whether they remain six months or six years. If the President is able now or later to do anything to rescue the miners from the intolerable conditions resulting from this latent aggression of the operators, the presence of the soldiers will aid him in doing whatever he proposes to do. If he can do nothing in cases where, like this, mines and houses and workmen are all prisoners of an encircling private property, it is time for the people to know.

What About France?

NOT the least remarkable aspect of the war of words which makes such a shrill chorus to the din of cannon on the battlefields of Europe is the silence of France. Great Britain and Germany have been vociferously and systematically articulate. The German case, after having been expounded by the professors, is being disseminated with truly German thoroughness by a publicity bureau. All the men of letters and journalists of England are arguing and protesting the righteousness of their national cause. Russia, Austria and France are comparatively dumb. The dumbness of Russia and Austria is readily explicable; but what about France? The contribution made to the literature of belligerent apologetics by the most literate and voluble of modern nations is negligible. What is the explanation of French silence?

For one thing, this is not France's war. She has been necessarily involved in it, but she did not want it. She has far more to lose from defeat than she has to gain from victory, and if she gains anything, it will be only by the consent and assistance of her allies. She could no more hold Alsace-Lorraine unaided against Germany than she could hold Belgium against a coalition of the Powers. An Alsace-Lorraine restored to France would depend as essentially on an international guarantee as a neutral Belgium or Switzerland. In spite of many brave protestations to the contrary, candid French-

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never be made or maintained chiefly by the strength of the French army. And an isolated France which was impotent to conquer and hold Alsace-Lorraine would be almost equally impotent to protect her own frontiers.

Thus Frenchmen had good reasons to dread the impending war. For a generation the ghost of it has haunted the French spirit. They knew that it was coming. They knew that they could not avoid it or flinch from it without reducing France to the position of a German satellite. They knew that when it came it would cost them dear. Whether victorious or vanquished, their territory was bound to be violated, and their pride suffer from the insolence and indignity of a ruthless invasion. French lives would have to be sacrificed as freely as they were during the Napoleonic wars, not in the interest of a larger and more glorious France, not in the expectancy of re-establishing her position in Europe, but merely in the hope that France might be allowed to keep her place in the sun. It was a cause for which Frenchmen should certainly be willing to fight, but it was not a cause about which they would want to be garrulous. Only two generations ago a French ruler had boasted that Europe was at peace because France was happy. Modern France has had to abandon the ambition of ascendancy. Her happiness had become no longer indispensable to the peace of Europe.

But although France is not contributing many words to the literature of the war, may she not for that very reason make a peculiarly valuable contribution to the work and to the literature of European peace? Is she not qualified for that work by the loss of the illusion of military preponderance? Great Britain because of her sea power, Russia because of her overwhelming numbers, Germany because of her superior organization, may believe that they can flourish in a predatory Europe, but France is different. As long as national independence depends primarily on the ability to wage a successful war, France will have to play second fiddle to some more efficient military power. The very facts that this is not her war, that a victory for France will be due more to her allies than to her army, and that no possible gain in territory can bring with it a renaissance of the power and the security of the old France—all these make it necessary for her to become particularly clear-sighted and disinterested. She must make no demands which will threaten the permanency of the settlement, and she must use her influence with her allies in favor of a similar moderation. If the peace of Europe no longer depends on the happiness of France, the happiness of France certainly hangs on the peace of Europe. Only in a Europe re-born of the Revolution will not be involved in an

In more ways than one does the happiness of France depend upon the peace of Europe. An unregenerate Europe forms an insuperable obstacle to a regenerate France. She has suffered more than any other country in Europe from a baleful reaction upon her national life of an essentially predatory international system. The contradictions in her foreign policy during the nineteenth century were only the reflection of the contradictions in her domestic life. She cherished generous aspirations for the increasing political freedom of other European peoples; but when she acted on her own aspirations, she became either their oppressor, as under the first Napoleon, or, as under the third Napoleon, she helped to aggrandize other nations at her own expense. Her aspirations have been equally injurious to her own national integrity. They impelled her to seek for popular liberation at home as well as abroad, but her earlier attempts to secure domestic liberty served chiefly to loosen national bonds, to relax moral standards and to impair national discipline. Unity had to be achieved at the price of liberty or liberty at the price of unity. She has needed above all to restore the breach between her aspirations and her traditions, so that French nationalism would not mean clericalism and reaction, and French radicalism would not mean a narrow and intolerant factionalism at home and an anti-national pacifism abroad.

Claims have been made that before the war France was recovering something of her self-possession. A distinguished Frenchman, M. Ernest Dimnet, has just written and published a book for English and American readers, in which France is declared to have regained the unity of her national spirit. Frenchmen are seeking more earnestly and more successfully than ever before to be catholic without being undemocratic, to be traditional without being monarchical or clerical, and to be pacifist and humane without becoming anti-national. They are proposing to make out of the republic a stronger and more responsible government, but one which will avoid reaction and promote social welfare. M. Dimnet exaggerates the extent of this recovery; but although it has not gone very far, it was there, and the war is likely to sustain and to increase it. After the hecatombs of the Aisne and the Yser, Frenchmen are not likely to love France the less, or to seek less patiently and loyally for some political and social method or some new attitude of the spirit which will help France to be herself again. But of one thing her friends may feel assured. She can never be really and sufficiently herself until she helps to create a Europe in which the aspirations

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Before the Court

ANOTHER test of the American Constitution begins to-day with the filing in the Supreme Court of the brief supporting the Oregon Minimum Wage Law. What is to be decided is the immediate future of an experiment in seven States to prevent the bottom from falling out of the American standard of living. What is really at stake is whether the Constitution is flexible enough to allow American communities freedom in dealing with modern wage conditions.

The Legislature of Oregon has declared it a misdemeanor to pay women wages which are "inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living and to maintain them in health." An Industrial Welfare Commission was created to carry out this principle. It called a conference in Portland of nine people—three manufacturers, three employees, and three members-at-large representing the public. This conference discussed wages and hours and conditions, and reported unanimously to the Industrial Welfare Commission, which then made the report into an order. No manufacturer was allowed to employ a woman more than nine hours a day or fifty hours a week, to fix a lunch period of less than forty-five minutes, or give to any experienced adult woman worker, paid by time rates, a weekly wage of less than $8.64. The order was appealed to the courts of Oregon by a paper-box manufacturer. But the Oregon Supreme Court upheld the law. The appeal is now being made to Washington, and the Supreme Court will have to declare whether the Constitution permits a state like Oregon to make the compulsory minimum wage experiment.

The decision hangs first of all upon the meaning of "liberty" under the Fourteenth Amendment. But "liberty" has already been restricted by the court in Lochner vs. New York, and Muller vs. Oregon, so that the right to purchase or sell labor now means that the right must not be exercised in a way dangerous to health, safety, morals, and general welfare. What has to be proved to the Supreme Court is that women's wages in many trades are so low as to be dangerous. The argument is not so much over legal principle as over actual fact. On this account the brief which Mr. Brandeis and Miss Goldmark have prepared is not an array of precedents, but an overwhelming indictment of the chaos and the cruelty and the stupidity by which women's wages are fixed. The human being who can read this brief and not be shaken by it may with perfect justice regard himself as invincible. Without one touch of rhetoric it piles fact upon fact until the total effect is crushing, and if nothing else were accomplished by the case, the recognition that

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tific argument over legal pedantry. It is an example of democracy become clear-sighted—intrusion of reality into the law.

The Court's decision will be awaited with anxiety by men and women all over the country who think that the minimum wage law is the most serious effort yet made to deal with an intolerable condition. No one is certain that this legislation will do all that one could wish it to do; but it is being tried in England and in Australia, and it seems to have worked fairly well; with time and experience it may be made to work better. But if the experiment is cut off now, we shall not know where to turn. For whatever may be said against the legislation, this at least must be said for it: nothing else is proposed which shows the least promise.

On human grounds, therefore, the burden of proof is with those who object. These opponents may be divided into those who object on theoretical grounds to State interference with wages, and those who use these theoretical objections to protect their profits. The sincere theorist hallows many a bad cause. If only he can be detached, the selfish opposition will be drawn into the open and revealed.

The first sincere argument is that we must not interfere with the laws of supply and demand, that women are paid what they are worth, and that no government should compel people to receive more than they earn. Now the fact is that there are more women than jobs, that women are unorganized and have no bargaining power, that women must eat every day and pay board every day. They are not like cotton which can be stored in warehouses until the price goes up. A day's work lost is lost utterly. You cannot sell yesterday's labor even at reduced rates. The supply of unskilled or semi-skilled women's labor is practically at the mercy of the demand. And the result is just what one would expect it to be. Women's wages in most trades are fixed by the fear of starvation and the caprice of the employer.

If we study the wages paid for the same work under the same conditions, we find the most extraordinary variation. In six Boston department stores the number of women who were paid four dollars or less a week varied from one per cent to twenty-four per cent. In thirteen laundries the four-dollar women varied from about two per cent to twenty-nine per cent. These figures are taken from the report of the Massachusetts Commission. In one factory practically every woman earns at least six dollars, in another doing the same kind of work six dollars is an aspiration. There is, in short, no such thing as a standardized wage for women. One employer pays one wage, his competitor pays a different one. What does it mean? It means that

what labor is worth or what the employer should pay.

It is meaningless to talk of "interfering with natural laws." There is no law, for there is no uniformity. It is meaningless to talk about "paying women more than they are worth." They are not paid what they are worth, but what they can get. It is idle to talk of damaging business by forcing up wages, for the enormous difference between the worst employer and the best shows that with efficient management the lowest rates are unnecessary.

There seems to be no standard by which women's wages are fixed. Sometimes a generous employer will set them at what he regards as a level of decency, another will drive them down to a point where no woman can exist without outside help. Some employers rely on the girl's family to subsidize the business, others count on charitable homes to pay the board which the wages will not supply. Others have been known to rely on casual prostitution. In some shops a girl is pledged not to tell anyone what she is paid; in many, wages are fixed by the foreman, under orders to keep down expenses. Everywhere in the labor market, with the exception of the protocol trades, are anarchy and fluctuation. The price is wretchedness unspeakable for the women, for the employer a careless and unthinking absolutism which degrades the efficiency of labor, and for the nation a tribute in stamina and nerves and a stultifying of human beings which is a curse upon the generations.

The actual story of women's work is a record of stupid cruelty which makes the theorist of "freedom" seem like a class-blinded pedant. Take, for instance, the nominal wage; put it at a high figure, at $8.00 per week. This does not mean that a woman will earn $8.00 for fifty-two weeks, since the factor of time lost in slack seasons amounts in many trades to twenty per cent. For ten weeks the woman may not even earn her nominal wage. She must either get another job or she must have saved. But getting another job is not simple in a crowded market, and saving is a luxury that the poor are taught but not enabled to practice. For thousands of women a week's unemployment means desperation, means the poorhouse or charity. When you read that in artificial flower-making the maximum force in a certain number of shops at the high season is 4,470, and that in the dull season there are only 873 at work, you are reading about thousands of people like yourself who are suffering more than they can tell.

How do they manage to live? Not all become "white slaves," though that seems to be the best way of attracting public attention. Most of them remain virtuous enough, gray enough and suffi-

for a pair of shoes or something like that," said one girl to an investigator, "I don't buy meat for weeks at a time." Another was more extravagant. "You know," she said, "sometimes I just long for a good thirty-cent meal. I get so tired of these twenty-cent dinners that often I think I'd rather not eat at all." "I never board a street car without planning days ahead how I can spare the nickel from my lunch or clothes money." One woman received a week's vacation with pay, and every day of that week she went around to the shop to see that her job had not been taken by someone else.

Those who have caught sight of these things have invented the minimum wage as an instrument for dealing with these conditions. They do not underestimate the difficulties. They know that there are unemployables, they know that if wages were suddenly jerked up everywhere there would be tremendous confusion. All they ask for is permission to experiment in a few of the worst trades, and to learn what they can of the problem. In all conscience, it is little enough, miserable and grudging at best. But if this experiment is shut off on *a priori* grounds, if this reasonable, hesitating effort is strangled, the problem will still stare us in the face. We shall not have put it out of sight, nor solved it. We shall merely have blocked our only avenue of hope.

The Spoken Message

WHEN Congress reconvenes next week President Wilson will, according to the precedent already established, read his message in person to an assembly of both houses. His action in establishing this precedent is one of the best and will prove to be one of the most fruitful of his public career. The physical presence of the President at the Capitol may not seem to be in itself a matter of much importance; but the value of Mr. Wilson's innovation is not measured by its direct results. The transformation of the Presidential message into an address, delivered in person, symbolizes and promises an important change in the relationship between the Presidency and Congress, and to a lesser degree between the Presidency and the American people. It symbolizes the closer cooperation between the executive and the legislature, which the executive needs to bring about in order to make effective its increasing leadership of American public opinion.

That our Presidents have been assuming an increasing initiative in legislative policy and an increasing leadership of American public opinion is, of course, one of the conspicuous developments of modern American politics. The President as the

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of late years the influence has been growing, because public opinion has found in the President a better interpreter of its wants than is Congress. Such was plainly the case during Mr. Roosevelt's two administrations. Under his successor Presidential prestige was on the wane, not because Mr. Taft did not assume a certain amount of initiative, but because when he spoke and acted he gave expression to a minor rather than to a major phase of public opinion. Under Mr. Wilson the prestige of the Presidency has been fully restored. He has not only expressly acknowledged and acted on this obligation of leadership, as did Mr. Roosevelt, but he has sought to embody it in constitutional form, and this attempt of his to make his leadership, so far as possible, official and formal, has resulted in an interesting difference of emphasis.

Mr. Roosevelt made no consistent attempt to work through and by means of Congress. He was determined to have passed certain legislative measures which he believed essential to the success of his administration, but he had his eye fixed not on Congress but on the American people. He used his messages not primarily for the purpose of informing and influencing Congress, but for the purpose of arousing public opinion to the existence of certain flagrant economic and political abuses. Thus he was increasing the contact between the Presidency and popular opinion, but at the same time he was losing the confidence and good-will of Congress. Towards the end of his second term he found in Congress a barrier to almost everything which he wanted to do.

Mr. Wilson's method has been entirely different. Instead of appealing directly to public opinion by means of his Presidential messages, he has used them as a means of persuasively and conspicuously submitting a programme to Congress. By so doing he probably makes a feebler impression on the American people, but he makes a deeper impression on Congress. Individual Congressmen are much more likely to accept his leadership in case he courteously addresses himself directly to them than in case he appeals over their heads to the American people. The result of the continued adoption of Mr. Wilson's method will be to associate the Presidency in the popular mind with Congress. The executive will be considered to be more a part of the legislature, and the legislature may yield with less reluctance to executive leadership.

In establishing regular forms of cooperation and a better general understanding between the Presidency and Congress, Mr. Wilson is accomplishing an immediately beneficent constitutional reform. The Federal Government will be wholly unable to meet its increasingly onerous responsibilities unless of cooperation. We have consequently nothing but the heartiest admiration for the spirit and purpose of Mr. Wilson's constitutional innovation, but we hope that a closer relationship between the President and Congress will not be allowed to mean a remoter relationship between the President and popular opinion. The Presidency cannot afford to become too intimately associated with Congress or to surrender too much of its independence. If the association became too intimate, the result might be not the more effective executive leadership of Congress, but an increasing subordination of the executive to the demands of a Congressional majority. The Presidency depends for its primary strength and greatest usefulness upon its ability to represent and lead the dominant element in public opinion. Its incumbents should never subordinate this essential and peculiar source of strength to the need and desire of cooperating with a legislative body which so frequently misrepresents the needs and the purposes of the American nation.

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Mr. Shaw's Diverted Genius

THE other evening a typical theatre audience streamed up a dark and theatreless street in London and entered, not by mistake, a hall where there was being given a lecture on economics. Quite obviously it was a theatre audience. In all sorts of ways—by its chatter and the gay individual note of the women's dresses, by its numbers of prosperous couples and young people in pairs to whom this evening partly appeared as an event in their intimacy—this cheerful crowd showed itself different from the professionally serious persons who usually attend lectures on economics. The explanation lay in the fact that the lecturer was Mr. George Bernard Shaw. And one of the most hopeful and moving things about modern life is the way that, once the public has been fascinated by the imaginative work of a writer, it immediately consults him concerning the saving of its soul and the State.

This is hopeful and moving so far as it promises that the world shall grow a conscience; but it is disastrous in its effect on the writer. To-day there lurks within every author a vice-president, and many abandon their task of building a palace that shall house them through eternity for the transient lordship of half a dozen committee rooms. Of this the saddest example is Mr. John Galsworthy, who has become almost entirely a vice-president and rarely approaches the public save to indulge in a good cry on behalf of some deserving Cause. And one feels that Mr. Shaw also has fallen to the temptation; for surely he would have written more of that poetic drama which is his real medium, if the Fabian Society, that little group of moderate Socialists who finance the Liberal party with ideas, had not caught him early and harnessed him to such ploughshares of the public intelligence as this lecture.

So one looked with regret on the audience whose animation fluttered so oddly in the hall's vast white arena, and with hostility at the little cluster of prominent Fabians who sat on the platform, their quiet, cheerful worthiness matching the shiny gray organ pipes that rose behind them to the ceiling. Plainly they were not people of commanding personality; they became fainter the more one looked at them, like old photographs. It is true that they have had the power to breathe into English political thought the desire for knowledge and kindness and a shame of lazy judgments. Yet clearly theirs is the power that comes to two or three that are gathered together and not that direct decantment of the Spirit which fills the man of genius. Therefore they were not people with whom Mr. Shaw ought to cooperate; for genius is not an essence to be used to flavor the common stuff, but a brew of humanity whose virtue lies in its strength and disappears with dilution.

genius is peculiarly unfitted to support the companionship of the lesser. The passing of middle age has wiped the aggressive strangeness from his face, by mitigating with silver the redness of his hair and the pirate twist of his eyebrows, and has revealed a predominant quality of noble and unhysteric sensitiveness. In the public life there is no time for such sensitiveness to select the impressions which shall make its nerves sound like harp-strings; and hence we have had those endless dogmatisings on science and politics which tumble out of his mind like a cartload of bricks in response to questions which he should never have been asked, and which he should have been too busy with his own work to answer. And when he began to speak, and the Irish accent shivered over his musical voice like the wind over a lake, one perceived another reason why he should not enter into politics.

Ireland is "not so much a country as a state of mind." An Irishman of the English Pale, such as Mr. Shaw, is born without a nationality or a religion; for the hostility of the native Irish perpetually reminds him that their country is not his and turns his Protestantism into a quarreling with Catholicism. But should he be clever, he is born into a definite mental state. The clear brain cannot look without laughter on a ruling race that pretends it is a missionary race sent to bridle the lawlessness and bigotry of the Irish, and yet has itself progressed but little since the days of fifty years ago, when a Protestant lady led a social boycott of Dublin Castle because the Viceroy had refused to give a free pardon to a Protestant who had committed the venial crime of murdering a Catholic family. One must laugh too at the subject race, so enjoyably alive to the pathetic beauty of its situation. It is because of their education in these jokes that most of our great comedy-writers, from Sheridan to Oscar Wilde and Lady Gregory, have been English-Irish. But if one is so clever that one wearies of funny things and longs for beautiful and dignified things instead, one grows sick of this pretence of the English that Ireland is a responsibility instead of a remuneration, and sicker still at the Irish who perpetually hold sentimental picnics on the grave of their rebel leaders, instead of driving out their governors by wits and prosperity. And then one begins to mock.

Swift was one such mocker, and Shaw is another. Swift's mockery soared to sublime invective and then, because his heart was bitter, burst into a flame that blotted out the kindly sun. Mr. Shaw has mocked at false sentiment and moral hypocrisy, and has made us hunger for a world lovely with true emotion and honest conduct; but to him also has come disaster. He has fallen into a habit of

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genuousness to the hen. Faced with a war, he issues helpful little manifestoes which insist that we are being disingenuous about the cause of the war. "You may reasonably suspect," he says in his open letter to the President of the United States, "even if all our statesmen raise a shriek of denial, that we should take a similar liberty [to the invasion of Belgium] under similar circumstances in the teeth of all the scraps of paper in our Foreign Office dustbin." It is a tragedy that the habit of controversy should have so twisted a mind which should have inspired us like a Shelley in this war. For so well has Shaw taught us that the man of honor is the true Superman that, had it been England who had violated the neutrality of Belgium, hundreds of his pupils would have gone to the Belgian trenches to die by English bullets.

But his discourse and the manner of its reception by the audience made one understand how inevitable it was that he should have been entangled in public affairs. The lecture was one of a series on the duty of Socialism to endow every citizen at birth with a fixed income, not to be alienated by his conduct, not to be enlarged by his exertions; and this evening Mr. Shaw was dealing with the anti-Socialist argument that men are moved to work only by the incentive of starvation, and that if they were sure of a living they would live in idleness. He proved, building up so logical a structure in such fine English that one almost forgave his disastrous interventions, that human nature had no fundamental longing to be kept and to live in idleness. It is true that to-day many people are being kept by others, but they are victims of that real human instinct, the desire to keep others. Mr. Shaw showed how this desire, which may produce all sorts of tender and kindly relations when applied to children and the aged, becomes not only wrong but uncomfortable when it is concerned with grown and able people. The keeper becomes jealously lustful to set aside the person he has bought, so that others shall not enjoy the beauty and romance that he has paid for; and on the kept one falls boredom and all those aspirations for independence and activity and self-government which cried confusedly in the Feminist movement. Indeed, the heart of man desires not slothfulness, but freedom and the opportunity for creation.

From the audience's gladness one saw what a release this was for them from the Manchester theory in which they, as middle-class people, had been brought up, which proclaims that with the assistance of free trade and the blessings of competition the governing classes are to flagellate the masses into a prosperity which indubitably they do not deserve. They were exalted, looking for the way to justice, and broke into glowing applause at Mr. Shaw's interjection, "What I mean by a gentleman is a man who leaves his country in his debt when he dies." But one only adequately grasped their spirit, which was no mere gas-lit flush of the fallen soldiers. Then, in the dignity of its excitement and its manifest shame at such meanness, one perceived that this was democracy rising to its ordeal.

When a theatre audience has so wonderful a significance, can one wonder that an author will not be content to wait for it in the theatre but prefers to continue it on its journeys of statecraft? Certainly one would not expect such insensibility to adventure from Mr. Shaw, whose power has always lain in his courage of thought. Indeed, one could not expect it from any writer who has that sympathy with the world which permits a man to become an artist. That would seem to be disproved by the great exception, Mr. Henry James, who has never in all his life condescended to jostle with the ideas and affairs of his day; but perhaps that abstinence is connected with that indefinable but vital deficiency which makes his work not quite essential, not quite what a dying man would recall as he looked back on his life. Pure art, soaring out of space and time, is the divinest thing that man can make, but unfortunately in these days of clashing events it can only be carried on by the deaf. And the artist who, like Mr. Shaw, abandons it, at least shows that he has good hearing and is listening to the world.

REBECCA WEST.

Federated Labor and Compromise

THE thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor passed into history with comparative quiet and great smoothness. The elements which have been the cause of friction for some time showed little vitality this year. The element in control received its impulse in the proper direction from the committees appointed by the president, and was heartily pushed along by the delegates on the floor.

In the treatment accorded those questions which are the main source of internal struggles in the labor movement of to-day, the spirit of the convention was revealed. The resolution in favor of industrial organization was reported for nonconcurrence by the Committee on Resolutions, and was shoved on to death without a murmur of opposition. The proposition in favor of an independent labor party was rejected without discussion. This proposition has been brought up repeatedly at the conventions and has become stereotyped. Its chances of success have always been slim, but it has been the gala occasion for plain and truthful speaking, and the great opportunity for many delegates to unburden themselves. It was stripped of its time-honored character this year. The resolution directed against the fraternal delegates from religious bodies which was expected to give rise to heated discussion was ruled out on

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unionism, the convention summoned all its strength in order not to be overcome by a flood of jurisdictional disputes. As usual, these were numerous. The carpenters and sheet-metal workers, the machinists and elevator constructors, the hod-carriers and the cement workers, the blacksmiths and the subway workers and the other crafts, were in need of an impartial judge to delimit their domains. The convention glided through the disputes with unusual ease. It ordered the Industrial Tailors' Union to resume its old name, Journeymen Tailors of America, and to cease recruiting workers of kindred trades. It defined the jurisdiction of the Glass Blowers' Union and other crafts, and postponed those disputes which might give rise to difficulties. On the other hand, in the case of the machinists and elevator constructors it counseled cooperation, and to a number of unions recommended amalgamation. In a word, it steered clear alike of industrial unionism and craft jealousy.

The same spirit is reflected in other resolutions of the convention. The present war was denounced and sympathy expressed for those who have been torn away from their work to perish on the fields of battle. At the same time the fear was expressed that America may be swamped by the "human wreckage of the war," and a strong resolution was passed in support of the Burnett immigration bill. Several resolutions invoking the aid of the Federal and State governments in the cause of labor were adopted; for instance, the resolution demanding a Federal receivership for the Colorado mines, if the mine owners do not settle the strike on the basis of President Wilson's proposal; the resolution in favor of government railways in Alaska, and the resolution in favor of workmen's compensation laws. At the same time the convention went on record as opposed to government regulation of the hours of labor, except in the case of women and children. The vote of the convention which defeated the resolution in favor of a general eight-hour law for all workers clearly revealed the hold of the well-organized skilled crafts upon the Federation.

The convention retained its character to the final act culminating in the election of officers. Mr. Gompers was unanimously reelected president, the opposition not caring to go through the formality of putting up a candidate. As a matter of fact, despite this omission, about half a dozen delegates registered their votes against Mr. Gompers. The other officers of the executive council were reelected. It may be noted that the salary of the president was raised from five thousand dollars a year to seven thousand five hundred, Mr. Gompers opposing the increase.

Thus the thirty-fourth convention of the American Federation of Labor may be put down as a decided victory of the element that has been in control for the last twenty-five years. In the words of the newspapers, the "radical wing of labor has

vealed the presence of forces making for fundamental changes in the labor movement. There were dramatic moments when it was evident that great powers of feeling and will are pent up in the hearts of the men and women of labor, powers that some day will break through the barriers of crafts and narrow calculations. When Mother Jones spoke, when the resolution on the situation in Colorado was introduced, when the conditions of child labor in Georgia were described, when Michigan, West Virginia, Arkansas, Gloversville and similar situations were discussed, the intensity of the potential powers of labor for determined forms of action could not be missed.

It is not strange that most of these moments came in the train of incidents growing out of the work of the Miners' Unions. The miner typifies the worker whose arrival upon the scene means new forms of organization and new methods of action in the labor world. Conditions in the mines first suggested the economic role of the semi-skilled and unskilled worker. The miners have therefore grouped about them the newer elements of labor and have led in blazing new ways for American unionism. Though it may not yet be recognized, it is their influence that is undermining the old American Federation of Labor.

In connection with this development, the resolutions recommending active campaigns of organization among school-teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, and similar sections of salaried people are very interesting. Of especial interest is the rejection of the resolution to organize affiliated unions in crafts where existing national organizations are already a menace to affiliated trades. Discussion disclosed that it was intended as a declaration of war on the railroad brotherhoods, bricklayers, and similar independent organizations. Mr. Gompers's fight against this resolution, its subsequent rejection by the convention, and the passage of the resolution to organize the salaried occupations referred to above, show the desire of the controlling element of the Federation to attract the higher grades of labor outside. The evident hope is to bring them sooner or later into the fold, where they would form the natural ally of the skilled elements in their fight against the rising tide of the semi-skilled and unskilled.

The decisive moment of this struggle may be postponed by a policy of compromise. The skilled may agree to call for a Federal receivership of the Colorado mines. The semi-skilled may acquiesce in a resolution against a legal eight-hour day for men. Both elements may unite on a program of state social insurance in which they are both interested. But the problems of organization, method, and wider social policy cannot disappear, and on these points disagreement is fundamental. The struggle for the settlement of these problems will determine the leadership, policies, and destinies of

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"World Power or Downfall"

ALMOST a century ago there was posed for Napoleon a question which seems already before the Kaiser. In September, 1813, his last great victory of Dresden won and all possible advantage from it lost by the defeat of his marshals, Napoleon had to decide between military and political considerations.

Every argument of military soundness combined to emphasize the necessity of prompt withdrawal from eastern Germany, of a concentration of his scattered forces. Such a concentration would permit him to face the growing masses of his enemies with an army which, under his command, could long keep the field and resist to the time when the Allies, not yet compacted by the certainty of success, should offer acceptable terms of peace. But the political considerations were wholly different. To draw back from the Elbe to the Rhine was to confess that the grandiose scheme of world domination had failed, to concede that there was a Europe, a Russia, Austria, Prussia and England, that there was, in some chaotic, wholly inarticulate sense, a Germany, just rising with the fire and spirit of the France of 1792, while France was becoming ominously silent, unresponsive alike to victory and defeat.

Napoleon hesitated and was lost. At Leipzig he suffered irreparable defeat, and after Leipzig the scattered French garrisons in Germany were in turn besieged and captured, while Napoleon was left to fight on the Marne and the Seine with the recruits that were called to the colors when the invader was at last on French soil, north of the Pyrenees and south of the Rhine.

Looking at the situation at the opening of the fifth month of the great war in 1914, is there not patent a striking resemblance between the position of the Kaiser and that of his great predecessor on the pathway of "world power or downfall?"

On the west front the German armies stand along the Aisne and the Vosges, as those of Napoleon did on the Elbe and the Oder. Northern France and all Belgium, save a little paring toward the Yser, are solidly German. Nowhere yet has French or British offensive broken the lines of German armies. Yet all along this vast battle line it is clear that numerical advantage is with the Allies or rapidly passing to them. Whatever the situation in August, in December not less than 2,500,000 French and British troops are on foot in France and Flanders. Behind them is the solid million of Kitchener soon to be available.

Eastward there is a situation which forcibly recalls the Spanish problem of Napoleon. On foot long before her German opponents conceived she could move, Russia has for three months been rolling compel the Russian forces in Galicia to retire. But in November a second thrust failed utterly to do this, and on the same day official reports recorded the advance of Russian armies in East Prussia, the approach of other Russian armies to the outworks of Cracow, and, most significant of all, a decisive check, a possible disaster, to the German offensive in Poland.

So Wellington drove Soult from Spain, over the Pyrenees; so, in the days when Napoleon came back to the Rhine after the Leipzig disaster, France was shaken by the announcement that after twenty-two years of successful war an enemy was again across the frontiers. For Berlin the similarly disturbing intelligence is brought by the refugees from East Prussia, Posen, Breslau.

For the German military authorities, for the Kaiser, it is clear that Napoleon's problem is again set. At the moment, conceivably for some days or weeks, he may still draw back his long lines in France, concentrate his troops in the west behind the lines of the Meuse and the Senne, resting upon Metz, Mézières, Namur, Brussels and Antwerp, with the Meuse, the Ardennes, the lower Scheldt as defensive barriers, and a second line from Metz through Luxemburg and Liége to the Dutch frontier to fall back upon. Such a shortening of lines, such a relapse to the defensive, would release the thousands necessary to throw the Russians back from East Prussia and insure the protection of the marches of Posen and Silesia for many months, if not forever.

But such a withdrawal would be a confession of ultimate defeat. To force the western barrier between Metz and Liége might be the work of years for France and Great Britain; but once the present battle line were shortened, once this retreat were made, it would no longer be possible to conceal from the German people the fact that all prospect of German victory, all possibility of coming to grips with Great Britain, all chance of winning for Germany her place in the sun, not of Africa but of Europe, was for the present at an end.

On the other hand, to attempt to hold the line from Metz to the North Sea, with its wide swing into northern France—more than two hundred miles, almost two hundred and fifty long—in the face of ever mounting millions of French and British, to hold it while more army corps were detached to defend German frontiers in the East, would be to risk what Napoleon risked in eastern Germany in 1813 and paid for at Leipzig and at Fontainebleau.

In this connection it is inevitable that Americans should recall the simple and graphic words of General Lee describing his final disaster before Petersburg in 1865. "My line was stretched until it

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sweeping lines about Petersburg, when his numbers were too small to hold them, and his judgment told him that only in retreat was there a prospect to save his army.

Every sign that it is possible to discover in examining the European conflict points to the fact that German defeat at the Yser marked the collapse of the German offensive in the West. Six weeks of effort which will remain one of the glories of German military history have failed to win a single advantage in France and Flanders, six weeks in which the best of German troops have gone down by the thousands, their courage unshaken, but their best efforts unavailing in the face of the obstacles and the soldiers before them.

East and West in November German prospects declined with unmistakable regularity. New confidence, new moral assurance, were on all sides to be discovered in the Allied ranks. For this the amazing onrush of the Slavs was mainly responsible. Sir John French has emphasized the fact that in the West the Allies were able to hold German masses and give the Russians their great opportunity in the East. But who of all German or Allied military authorities before the war could have reckoned that Russia could rise to her opportunity as Russian armies have?

In sum, as December opens, the question must be raised on all sides: How is Germany to meet the defeat which seems no longer to be escapable? Will political or military considerations direct her armies? Will William II gamble as Napoleon did for the receding shadow of world power when the substance is no longer to be had? Will Germany accept the fact and retire to her wonderfully strong natural bulwarks to fight as did the South in the Civil War, to fight for her existence, since it has come to that, with the Russians across her frontiers?

December may well be the measure of this question. The test must be along the Aisne and the Somme, about St. Quentin and Soissons. If the new year finds German armies still in Champagne, it will be fair to assume that the Kaiser still follows the Napoleonic maxim, "to stake all on a single throw." German retreat, on the other hand, will foreshadow a determination to defend the Fatherland, to save the Prussia of Frederick, the Germany of Bismarck, at the cost of the complete surrender of the phantom of "world power" of William II.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Cooperation in the United States

THE tide of cooperative sentiment and achievement has turned in the United States. After seventy years of fumbling and visionary experiment, some thousands of unquestioned successes are at hand. If western Canada is included, probably more than three hundred millions' worth of business was cooperatively done in one country last year. Cooperative fire insurance, creameries, elevators, purchasing societies with some four hundred stores, now represent a movement as invincible in its growth as is the drift of political power to the people. These movements are inseparable both in their strength and weakness.

Just as in politics since 1900 the initiative, referendum, direct primary, direct election of Senators, strike at secrecy and monopoly in caucus and convention, so, too, comes the economic revolt against the corresponding stealth and privilege in our business life. From the state it comes as "regulation" and forced publicity. In unconscious partnership with trade union principles, it establishes standards in methods, conditions and rates, as if the anarchies of "free competition" were already mediaeval.

I have noted that successful cooperation everywhere first sprang from suffering. The classes from which cooperation always emerges have not felt these necessities in the United States acutely enough to organize against them until very recent years. The pressure of population, the rising price of land, the passing of farming into an industry reckon for the first time with neglected virtues like saving and thrift.

In 1850 a Rochdale pioneer said, "We began our store simply because we were suffered into it." The severities of economic pressure have begun to "suffer" us into it. Our reckless prosperity, our uneasy and shifting populations, our delight in extravagance, the wide demand in competitive industry for all available talent, have hitherto handicapped the humbler ways of cooperation in this country. Except sentimental ones, not a reason can be given why a man should leave even the bleaker soils of New England for the West. Everywhere the purely speculative chances based on unappropriated natural resources are closing up for ordinary folk. A disenchanted Easterner told me in California, "If you've got to saw wood instead of playing for luck, you might as well do it back East as here."

All these sobering changes multiply our chances for cooperative enlargement in this country. A dare-devil competition has "suffered" us into such convincing success as we have thus far won.

Year after year, southern California tried to market her fruits as if the process were an all-around free fight. From the grower to the eater there was no interest which did not suffer. The separate grower found himself with less and less influence over the railroad, over prices, and over far-off commission men. Cooperative organization has

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used and directed by the growers. What organization has done for large business it here does for the smaller. Grading, packing, inspection, marketing, are all taken into their own group-control. This is the spiritual essence of democratic cooperation. The "consent of the governed," the "people's rule" with neither privilege, secrecy nor monopoly, are here working themselves into social and economic habits which will more and more influence our political life. In the Central Exchange and the forty independent cooperative associations, above eighty per cent of the citrus fruit is thus handled. Three out of four of California's 12,000 growers are in cooperative team work.

Because they equalize benefits, check speculation and economize production, these first results in cooperation everywhere increase. In the Northwest apple-growing is now more and more controlled and managed by thousands of cooperators. One hundred and eight locals supervise the entire business —the loading, the warehousing, the distribution of orchard supplies. United in a central organization, they "give expert advice on all orchard matters, regulate and consolidate shipments, receive, distribute and supervise the filling of orders, maintain a system of uniform inspection, and in some cases keep the accounts and distribute returns." Because it is so well known, no account need be given here of the cooperative revolution in dairies and creameries.

In rural insurance against loss of stock, fire, hail, cyclone, etc., this self-government principle is so successful in nearly 1600 companies that failures have been but a fraction of one per cent. Minnesota claims to have saved for her farmers above $700,000 annually through this cooperation in insurance. Two years ago not one of her 150 companies had failed. This State is perhaps the leader among our commonwealths. With the inclusion of farmers' telephones, Minnesota has at least 2000 cooperative associations doing a yearly business of sixty millions of dollars. In another field cooperative irrigation is at work on five million of the thirteen odd million acres of irrigated land. In cooperative selling and supply associations the number and variety are such that they can have here but casual mention.

The struggle for cooperative control over the grain elevator demands a closer scrutiny. Before 1900, these storehouses had been built and controlled by private, speculative interests. As they became more closely organized and began the monopoly game of checking competition among buyers, the farmer lost control over his market. Where his wheat was to be sold or at what price, how it was to be graded, how much docked, what the middleman's service was to cost, all became unknown quantities. Even if squarely dealt with, his forced exclusion and ignorance became a source of angry suspicion. Some plucky attempts were

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time that competitors are compelled to pay the farmer a higher price for his products, while vicious

Minnesota and Dakota had hundreds of these groups handling grain in enormous quantities and at the same time purchasing cooperatively for members coal, lumber, machinery, flour and general supplies—in Iowa alone 200,000 tons of coal and nearly a million's worth of other products.

It is true that many of these movements have failed. Some are shabbily financed and poorly managed, and few have proper accounting. Many tend to sag toward ordinary joint stock companies. Precisely as with cooperative and democratic management, political as well as economic, the world over, a rancorous criticism has set in against them by private interests. It is upon the inevitable imperfections in every new movement that the critics seize. Yet in the teeth of these criticisms and a fierce competitive opposition the gains of cooperation can be marked month by month.

In its totals, it is an amazing growth. As good an authority as Professor L. D. H. Weld writes me with strongest emphasis: "Their failures are nothing as compared with those of line elevator companies, hundreds of whose houses have been closed down during the past few years and many of which have been torn down. I can say without hesitation that the marketing of grain at country points in Minnesota, at least, is coming more and more into the hands of the farmers themselves. Two hundred and seventy farmers' elevators of this State now market about one-third of all the grain that is marketed. . . . One farmer out of every five in the State belongs to a farmers' elevator company. The aggregate volume of business for the year following the growing of the 1912 crop reached the enormous total of approximately $24,000,000, of which about $22,000,000 represents the value of grain, flour, twine and other supplies purchased for themselves. These elevators now handle about 30 per cent of the grain marketed by Minnesota farmers."

Professor Weld, returning from studies in Canada, wrote again: "The whole development has taken place in an incredibly short time. The Grain Growers' Grain Company was not organized until 1906. Since that time it has become an immense corporation, the largest single handler of grain on the Winnipeg market. The Saskatchewan Cooperative Elevator Company was not started until 1911, and the quantity of grain handled in 1912-13 was over 12,000,000 bushels." There are 14,000 farmer shareholders in each of these two companies, with the principle "one-man-one-vote" and a limited holding of stock. The Grain Growers' Grain Company carries the cooperative practice into the purchase and distribution of carload lots—flour, coal, fruits, etc.

The very service for which cooperation gets least credit is the instant check upon excessive middlemen's prices. These have been reduced at the same

Grain Growers' Guide" of Winnipeg comments in the present month. "We may now look forward," it says, "to seeing the day when every local community in the West will have its cooperative store, warehouse, elevator, and everything else that is needed for community service, owned and controlled by the people of the community on true cooperative methods."

It is upon this ownership and control by the people that our eyes must be fixed. Wherever that power is secure—in a store, in insurance, in cow-testing and live stock associations, in the great fruit and grain marketing—we have the sure working principle around which the more perfected cooperation of the future will slowly develop. It is this larger movement—literally "from the ground up"—which will more and more give us both knowledge and habits out of which the cooperative store will have its own broader and firmer foundation.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Auction Bridge

WE have just left the card-table where, all the evening, chance held us in pound. Three of us would have kept on, wilfully extravagant of time, and would even have been a little elated when dawn crept in, but one player felt justified in quitting because of an important engagement in the morning. Sternly dutiful a loser can become.

And now, the slips scattered on the floor, I review my little orgy. I cannot afford my own loss, but could I afford twenty times as much my emotions would be practically the same. A hardened player would smile at my intensity, yet it was an evening of ravenous excitement, not merely an anodyne for business or a pleasant casual game. In part it was the stakes that made play exciting, but much more its very nature. Win or lose, each deal was like drink, and as the score mounted on each side I played my cards with trembling keenness. Nothing could deaden that keenness but a succession of obviously hopeless hands. So long as luck remained I felt unappeased, and before I fall asleep the picture of tantalizing kings and queens, or disappointing plebeian cards, shall still go whirring through my brain.

Somewhere the vulgarity of mercenary motive must underlie this keenness, but superficially I feel the thrill of winning or the ache of stupid losing regardless of the score. When an opponent is contemptuous or a partner annoyed, it is satisfactory vengeance to quit winner, to have money with which to fortify one's pride, but the stakes seem less important than the vindication. Pride, love of power, combativeness, inspire genuine gambling, however disguised by patience or control. The real gambler is amused by the headstrong player brain for working them, a cold realization of the objective value of his hand, he subordinates his fears and desires so as to minimize the deviltry of chance. Yet it is the hardened gambler, the expert, who has the most pride, who takes the most desperate risks and snatches victory or meets defeat under the enemy's guns. His coolness he never outwardly loses, but experience is just the bait by which the ironic god draws him on. Always the master of the game, chance befools the very shrewdest player. He bides his time, and if he can do nothing else to his devotee he can deal bad cards, breaking the man he cannot sway. In the hardest games the self-intoxicated gambler is a child, but between players equally cunning, equally daring, equally experienced, the ultimate partitioner is chance.

With competitiveness in mind, the justified policy of innate selfishness, it is amusing to observe how the practised player turns to good account the weakness of the neophyte. The willingness with which a duffer will back himself against veterans, and take credit for the favors bestowed on him by chance, is one of the comedies of a club. It is true that the veterans will have to cut for the duffer as partner, but in the end, if chance is impartial, it is the inexperienced fool who "gives the party" and helps the experts to come out comfortably ahead. To allow this flagrantly is not, perhaps, good form. The hectic, disarranged young "sport" spewed out penniless from Mr. Canfield's always made that polished gambler's code seem a little less than kind. In the trimming of novices gambling is at its ugliest, even if the children from whom the candy is taken are as conceited as adolescence alone can be. Technically honest, it is really not sportsmanlike, but to make competitiveness sportsmanlike is certainly not the sole aim of men who want to win.

It is not, however, the mean aspect of competitiveness that makes auction, played adventurously, so poor a sport. It is its fierce concentration on a petty end. Admirable though it is to work out a game so fascinating, so difficult, so inexhaustibly novel, so dependent for its mastery on self-discipline, there is in auction, as in all gambling, a drunken attempt to escape from realities, and no man plays auction night after night who is properly evaluing his world. All games are, of necessity, fictitious. They are part of man's effort to triumph in a microcosmic way, to come to a conclusion satisfactory to himself in a little arbitrary field. When we play golf or tennis or cards, we tell ourselves a story about life. We construct a reality against which we measure ourselves, a reality simple, definite, exact, free from all the baffling incertitude of the spirit. Telling ourselves this story, we become thrillingly absorbed, and make for a concrete success, a day of commendatory judgment. In outdoor games there is, however,

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genuine sport, there is substituted the most artificial stimulant, arousing the strongest passions for a small and personal end. If sensation were, indeed, the test of reality, then auction would be more real than most human relations, more real than literature or music or politics or art, because better able to intrigue and absorb. But, seeming strongly "real" because first-hand, the sensations aroused by the intricate game of auction are essentially perverse, communicating nothing to heart or brain, a titillation of emotion by an artifice hardly as honest as wine.

Is it puritanism, that sour ringmaster in the emotional circus, that inspires one to class gambling among the illegitimate excitements, part of man's tendency to put up with substitutes for "life"? It may seem priggishness to moralize over auction and condemn it as illegitimate, especially when literature and art are mentioned by contrast. Better first-hand excitements, even illegitimate ones, than a lifetime of cultural passivity. But the real gamesters in life do not sit around the green baize. Sometimes, in certain instances, they come for distraction to the card-table, to cure excitement homeopathically, but more frequently they no more play cards, these true sportsmen, than a mother nurses a doll. Cursed or blessed with competitiveness, needing first-hand encounters with opposition to prove their own validity, they do not need to satiate their Alexandrism, to put their heel on someone else's neck, at the card-table. They choose a quarry that has claw and fang. It may be thrilling to put your opponent down six hundred, but it is much more thrilling to send up a loan shark for six months. It may be good sport to double your opponent's "three lilies," but it is better sport to call a dishonest plutocrat's, or, if one must be impartial, a dishonest demagogue's bluff. The muckraking form of citizenship offers unlimited dragons to the St. Georges of the card-room; and if these are not attractive there is always the domination of self, the conquest of those timidities that make a man quake when he is isolated, whether on the narrowing ledges of a cliff, or the dizzy eminence of a public platform, or the dark moor of a precious lonely conviction. For legitimate excitement, artists like Walt Whitman or Whistler or Henry James or Edgar Allan Poe, to name four Americans, were never lacking; nor need culture have been passive for the persons who savored their wine.

I am not, of course, here adverting to unleashed gambling, that hideous vice which sucks every drop of the brain's blood into one jealous craving, vitiating every other capability, the meanest enslavement in life. I am thinking of the domesticated practice, the game supposedly tempered and restrained. Because it is tempered it is not without its subtle exaction. A pike is a despised fish, greedy but prudent. Making due allowance for the person who takes bridge as casual pastime or well-earned distraction, there is something of the pike about the habitual bridge player. Though its excitement thrill ourselves, let us know that it belongs among those activities which, amusing enough when part of healthy distraction, are scarcely less than sinister taskmasters when installed.

A COMMUNICATION

"The One Idea"

SIR: It was an excellent custom of the older statesmen—Burke, for example—to stand aside from time to time and examine the state of the nation. Whither, they asked, are we drifting? What is the prevalent thought or tendency of our times? Are events shaping themselves to the true advantage of our nation or are they not?

Never was there a moment in our own history when it seemed so important to stand aside from the daily event, to be calm, to examine dispassionately the state of the nation, and to inquire what effect the monstrous cataclysm of Europe may have upon the thought of our country.

The period since the close of the Spanish-American war sixteen years ago has been one of the great epochs, in some ways the greatest epoch, in the history of the United States. It is a fact patent to all men that great changes have been going on in the fundamental thought of the American people.

"In every great epoch," remarks Buckle in his "History," "there is some one idea which governs the events of the time and determines their ultimate issue." We may inquire what this one idea is that has been at work in America during the last sixteen years, shaping the events of the time and determining their ultimate issue.

At the close of the Spanish War it was said with some grandiloquence that we had at length attained our majority, had taken our place as a world-power. It was said that the logic of events had now driven us to assume the "white man's burden" of foreign colonization. Expansion was the thought of the hour. We were momentarily thrilled with the knowledge that the sun never set upon the stars and stripes.

But it was soon evident that the "great idea" at work was not the idea of colonial expansion. Neither commercial nor military arguments convinced us. No sooner had we established a stable government in Cuba than we withdrew; we apparently neglected a great opportunity for territorial aggression and influence in China; instead of governing the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico as mere dependencies, we have flouted the advice of the im-

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dimmed the vision of the expansionists of territorial aggression to the southward.

It is a remarkable thing in history that a victorious nation, filled with a new sense of greatness and power, should at once turn upon itself and its institutions the remorseless eye of self-examination. The period of exposure and "muck-raking" followed close upon the war. We began to ask ourselves what sort of a nation we really had, what political parties stood for, whether justice was being done in America. Eight or ten years ago I heard J. A. Hobson, the distinguished British economist, who was then visiting this country, say that the most remarkable feature of our life appeared to him to be the willingness, yes, the eagerness, of Americans to know the worst about themselves. The corruption of cities, the abuses of public service corporations, the tyranny of riches—all these things were spread boldly before the people. At first the work was done by private investigators and writers in magazines, but it was soon taken over by well-financed popular committees, by state legislatures, and finally by the Federal Congress and Federal commissioners. It is probable that no other nation ever before submitted itself to such a searching self-examination.

This interest and curiosity has shown itself everywhere in our life. We want to know how the other man lives. Consider the flood of books and articles which have appeared during the last ten years describing the life of the poor, the prisoner, the prostitute, the idle rich, the energetic rich, the tramp, the criminal, the foreign immigrant, the negro. Peary's explorations to the Pole were not more eagerly followed than the early adventures of Jacob Riis and Jane Addams among the tenements. In fiction the leading characters have often been burglars, detectives, tramps, street women, boss politicians, negroes. Every part of our life has been writen about, investigated, surveyed.

This era of self-examination has been curiously unemotional. It was not dictated by hunger or want; nor has it ever approached physical revolution. The country all along has been relatively so prosperous that to many a conservative it has been a mystery why there should be all this conscience-questioning restlessness. It is noteworthy that in States where conditions were best, most prosperous, where there were the fewest evidences of injustice or inequality, as in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, California, the movement has been most virile, and that in States where social conditions were darkest, as in Pennsylvania, the desire for self-examination has seemed to be weakest. No, this was the cool self-examination of a full-grown nation.

Probably we should soon have begun to look inward even if there had been no Spanish War, for the vast physical and mechanical changes in our life during the past fifty years would have made it necessary for us soon or late to pause and take account of ourselves. But undoubtedly the Spanish War made us suddenly self-conscious. We began to be profoundly interested in one another, in our institutions, in our politics. We had learned how to struggle and win separately, now we wanted to know how to struggle and win collectively, as a people.

When we come to know our neighbors better, it is in-

examination, then, has naturally resulted in a great body of new laws and institutions, the purpose of which is to make America a more comfortable home for all of us. We are beginning to hold down tyrants of property, beginning to secure a juster distribution of wealth and power. These reconstructive movements, affecting rich and poor alike, were not prompted merely by want and envy and bitterness. There have been revolts, indeed, among the hungry submerged, like that of the I.W.W. at Lawrence, Mass., but so far as I know not one important leader in the new movement has come from that element. The revolution, as distinguished from sporadic revolts, has been led by men and women, mostly cultivated men and women, whose souls have been stirred by the sight of injustice in a free country; who have asked themselves, passionately,

> "Who hath given to me this sweet,
> And given my brother a crust to eat,
> And when will his wage come in?"

In short, during the last few years in America we have been developing with all our energy the highest art of all arts—the art of living together. I believe this to be "the one idea more powerful than any other" that is shaping the events of the time.

Foreign travelers who come to our shores often compare our civilization unfavorably with that of Europe. They charge us with producing no vital art, no literature, no drama, no music. It may be so; it may not be so; we can tell better fifty years hence. But should not a nation, like an individual, be judged according to its excellence in the art which it is seeking most sedulously to cultivate? We are primarily engaged in the business of discovering better ways of living together, and it is significant that at every point at which art or science or education or religion touches this "one idea," there it is virile and original, there it is making history.

Those artists, for example, who are doing the most original work in America are those who are seeking ways of helping men to live together more beautifully. I think we do not appreciate yet the significant work of a group of artists, architects and engineers who have begun to mold the unformed and individualistic cities of America—the "city-planners." Burnham of Chicago was an artist of vision and original power, and Arnold Brunner of New York is a worthy successor. These men are trying to grasp the modern city as a whole, and clothe its growth with beauty.

Another example may be found in the drama. We may not be cultivating Barries or Shaws, but wherever the drama is really in touch with the "one idea" of the epoch, there it is spontaneous, vital, lives from within. This is to be seen in the almost spontaneous growth of pageantry in America. A community creates a pageant or a masque out of the materials of its own life and history, its own citizens do the acting, its own people support the work. Why blame us for not producing a certain kind of drama when we are actually developing a dramatic art of unknown potentiality that is sincerely trying to express the spirit of the times?

For the same reason religion is vital at those points at which it is helping us in our demand for the full expres-

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individually may escape the common struggle and be "saved," there it is failing; but wherever it is inspiring men to practice the art of living nobly together, there it is having a new birth.

Similarly it is the political party that defends private interests against public interests that is passing away; while the party with a social vision and a social program which aims to help us along with the "one idea" of our times is the party that is growing strong. In education likewise it is not the old college which seeks to raise individuals to a lonely isolation of culture that is growing fastest, but rather the State university, with its virile extension departments, the aim of which is to let no ignorant man escape.

Where have American scientists recently been making their greatest advances? Probably the most notable contributions have been in medicine, that science which lies closest to the "one great idea." Recall the work of the great sanitarians in cleaning up tropical cities; think of Gorgas at Panama; consider the campaign against tuberculosis, hook-worm, typhoid fever, cancer. Such scientific campaigns to make the nation a healthier and therefore a better place to live in were never before known.

Such has been the prevailing tendency in this nation, such is "the one idea more powerful than any other" which has been shaping the events of the time.

Now comes the explosion in Europe, an unpredictable event which has shaken all the world. What effect will it have upon America?

Already there are signs that the opportunities presented by a prostrate Europe where half the people have stopped producing, stopped shipping, stopped trading, have whetted the ardor of that type of mind in America which seeks individual advantage. Here are unique possibilities of fortune and power; let us seize the trade of Europe while it is prostrate, let us set up new manufacturing establishments to do the work which they have done, let us invade South America and the Orient. Now the danger of all this is that it will damp the enthusiasm with which we have been studying the precious art of living together. Where there is a chance for a man to get rich quickly, for example, he easily forgets his neighbors. He begins to wish to live above them, not with them. And what is true of individuals in this particular is true also of nations.

It is in a moment like this that we should stand aside calmly and consider the state of the nation, examine the precious thing we have, and reflect upon the dangers which threaten it.

RAY STANNARD BAKER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pillage in War

SIR: As a good low-brow reader of your publication, I write to ask where I may find the collection of letters, or whatever it was, from which the quoted account of "pillage" by Sergeant James, is taken?

I feel, as I write, the limpness of unsupported argument, and therefore I would be most glad to get the context of this blood-curdling message, not to support the politely implied horror of your editor, but to support my own little instinct of the very deep difference between the "pillage" practiced on the march to the sea and that which has leveled Rheims and laid Louvain waste. I can quite believe that the women in the woods screamed. So would I. But there are screams and screams. And I also know that many a small personal belonging found its way into the soldiers' pockets and thence into such museums as that of the Wisconsin Historical Society, which you remember consisted of fragments of "Jefferson Davis's fireplace" and "work-basket from home of General Forrest," etc., etc. In Sherman's Memoirs there are perfectly straightaway narratives of the burning of factories "and other buildings liable to be used as defenses by the enemy." But isn't the real spirit of those marauders set forth in their own song: "How the turkeys gobbled," and "how the sweet potatoes even started from the ground?"

I see in those words of the Sergeant—out of their context, grant me—the ebullience of the young American Civil War type, as I have known them, closely, drawing a fine story for the folks at home. I hear in those shrieks of women the perfectly natural hysterics of female persons who had been thoroughly terrified before Sherman's army came along. You remember how the darkies "thought Yankees had horns." They were not the shrieks of women whose hands had been cut off, whose husbands or children never heard urged against the soldiers of our war. It was not, in other words, a ravaged Belgium that looked to Germany and France for food to keep it from actual starvation that so elated the Sergeant. It was a fairly cleaned out community, pressed back into the arms of the brothers and cousins waiting to pass the cake-box.

I confess I am peevish. But I am so because I seem to see in this quotation how far our generation has grown from a right understanding of the *psychology* of our Civil War. You tell me the psychology of all war is the same. I answer that I believe to anyone who was close to it the psychology of the Civil War differed entirely from that of any war such as the present, imposed from the top, waged between persons of widely differing races. I sympathize, in a way, with your effort to show that one war is like another war, and that it is a good thing to feel brotherhood with the often maligned combatants in the present struggle. But it would, to my way of thinking, be a better thing to prove that the "callous vandalism," the "ruthlessness," "the anguish," the "pillage and wanton burning," of the terrible Belgian campaign were all exaggerated, than on the slender thread of this single letter to hang so heavy a weight. Perhaps there are other letters to support your view. That is what I want to find out. But I feel very strongly that the shoe has been put on the wrong foot.

If we had the kind of government I'd like to have, we would have some play such as "Secret Service" reproduced if only for the sake of keeping alive among the high-brows the curious and to them inconceivable inconsistencies of such characters as were developed from '60 to '65. But then I suppose the high-brows wouldn't go to see it.

A. H.

Montclair, N.J.

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Clap the Scenery

The Garden of Paradise, a play in nine scenes, by Edward Sheldon. First presented at the Park Theatre, New York, November 28, 1914.

A VERY ancient contribution to wisdom suggests that if you intend to serve a bird, it is first advisable to catch it. When the producers of "The Garden of Paradise" laid their heads together they imagined that this was the least of their troubles. Admitting rare possibilities in "The Little Mermaid" of Hans Andersen, they assembled from one corner and another the most resourceful assistants to the feast they had devised. From Alessandro Sapelli of Milan they requisitioned costumes. From Erich Rach they secured a swimming device more ingenious than the meatless dog biscuit itself. Louis T. Barbaran was summoned to put through the dances, Analdo Conti to direct the orchestra, Arthur Farwell to arrange the music, and the floral decorations were left in the hands of the General Flower Decorating Co., despite the sepulchral associations of such a name. All these preparations made, the producers rested satisfied from their labors, leaving it to Mr. Edward Sheldon to come forward with the bird.

There was, possibly, some justification for the idea that Mr. Sheldon could meet their requirement. A man of undoubted talent, it seemed no great thing for him to live up to the stupendous accessories that were arranged, devised, directed, contrived and prepared. But at some point in the procedure it seems to have occurred to Mr. Sheldon that it was not he, but his collaborators, who were to supply the essential sustaining dish. Wandering among the gigantesque figures that crowded his stage, it apparently flashed into his mind that it was his function merely to add to their gorgeous undertaking a little verbal parsley. This done, he too rested from his labors and awaited with pardonable satisfaction the banquet so elaborately ordained.

As one sumptuous display of scenery followed on another, the critical peri of this particular Eden grew more and more disconsolate. Considered merely as a spectacle, the performance made excessive claims on attention, but at no point was there anything to indicate that the spectacle was the thing. Considered, on the other hand, as a play, the scenes stood apart like alternate teeth—all dentally impressive but odd in their lack of consecutiveness. The situation gave new values to the plaintive steamship story: "Waiter, if this is tea bring me coffee, if it's coffee bring me tea."

Dwelling on the spectacle, it should be acclaimed as highly remarkable, once one gives importance to that intention. There was, for example, the ship full of picturesque sailors riding on a green and swelling sea. Creamy waves surged continually about the prow, and of a sudden several finny maidens began a lively conversation in the trough of the waves. True, they were thoroughly English mermaids who had successfully cultivated a "smart" style. But there was something immoderately realistic about the billows in which they bobbed, and when the storm blew up and half the ship was swept, so to speak, overboard, one gasped between laughs at the amazing skill of it all—a skill only partially discounted by the terrene accents of the mermaid who was behaving as a very intimate lifesaver to the king.

Devices of astounding ingenuity were not confined to the inventive Erich Rach. In the scene of the bridal feast, for example, Mr. Joseph Urban of Vienna, the most scene that was ingenious, the top row of figures appropriating gold radiance from the sun, the steps and walls below them pearly pure. By what striking coincidence Mr. Urban managed so frequently to transfer to the stage the familiar symbols and color schemes of Maxfield Parrish, the vases, the smooth attendants, the enamelled skies is a matter for polite wonder, but, leaving the Urban and Parrish relations to be settled elsewhere, the fact remains that in this bridal scene, as in the scene of the royal palace, the spectacle did triumph in color, movement and form.

In a similar disengaged spirit one could go over the rest of the scenes—the shore by the convent, the cave of the sea witch, the queen's bower, the queen's garden, the final ascension to heaven—with a sense of stuffed indebtedness to each. It was a prodigious array of scenery, enough to have stocked the entire Elizabethan drama, and it lacked only aërial flights to have satisfied one's most inordinate cravings. But regarding the performance as a play rather than as a scenic exposition, it reveals a side of Mr. Sheldon that could hardly have been suspected in advance. When a man seeks to adapt a delicate fairy tale and does so without so much as one candle power of inspiration, the result is bound to disconcert the most sympathetic soul. Debtor though it is to the original plot, "The Garden of Paradise" trails dully in almost every turn of mind and turn of phrase. Mr. Sheldon has, indeed, studded his lines with planets as a baker studs a bun with currants, hoping that the "stars" and "suns" and "moons" would put his lines on the same exalted plane that the currants put the bun. But it is not to be. Mouth though his actors would, they could not make his complacent prose resound. Mr. George Relph did his best. He intoned with all manner of good-will, worked his pace up to a frantic pitch, lifted himself by his buskins in his eagerness to surmount his lines. But the result was monotony of noise. And whether it was the mawkishness of the holy isle, or the loud babble of the witch's cave, or the insipid prattle of the queen's bower, all filled one with dismay that expression could be so pretentious and so stale.

Very early in his career Mr. Sheldon suffered a considerable success. "The Nigger" was a really vigorous production; sententious, specious and shallow, but full of attack and for that reason promising. Both in "The Nigger" and "The Boss," mixed up with crude effectiveness, there was something more than a lively and not too scrupulous intelligence. There was a genuine zest, a splendid energy in utilizing for the American stage the abounding neglected wealth of American life. It was, indeed, with a round and mobile eye, the eye of calculation rather than penetration, that Mr. Sheldon saw his opportunity, but it was a good beginning and warranted a warm hope that, as sympathy became authentic, Mr. Sheldon would present the world with something like the real thing.

But "The Garden of Paradise" is irreclaimably not the real thing. Had Mr. Sheldon possessed any self-criticism, had he felt the least need to authenticate before he vended, had he faintly realized the fatuity of pretence, how could he, even in the most flattering environment, have failed to see the emptiness of his writing? Perhaps he thought that Hans Andersen could carry himself, that a succession of pageants with a great deal of expressive acting could convey a sense of teeming imagination. But with every important being on the stage reduced soon or late to the common denominator of the dramatist, what hope was there for imagination? Mr. Sheldon did not realize that all these king's horses and all these king's men could not

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Books and Things

EVERY man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole life I've read the perfect interview just once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of "An Ideal Husband," when the London "Sketch" published Gilbert Burgess's interview with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

"What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?"

"Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary."

"And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?"

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, "Usually a little strained."

"But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of pathos in his voice, "terribly creative—terribly creative!"

The interview is republished in the volume called "Decorative Art in America" (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, "Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself," and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Bryan properly, nor could I. We should feel both supercilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the remote Bryan period and the present time. Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party—Hector Malone. Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to "Man and Superman," that "the engaging freshness of his personality and the dumfoundering staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him." You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: When Hector "finds people chattering harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay."

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietzsche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would seem about us dumbfounderingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's "Elegy," "The Deserted Village," Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rollin tells us, Muelbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say—here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan quotes "breathes there a man with soul so dead" and "truth crushed to earth." Looking homely humor? Why not? In every reputation, however

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909. In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of "das Ewig-gestrige, das Flache." In 1904 Mr. Bryan gives "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace," and meditates thus upon eggs: "The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg." From its context in a lecture on "Man," delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: "Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . ."

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do harm. They do good if there is not superciliousness enough. In either case they do good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauquan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and kind. These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good will. Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronising, my attitude, and it is. Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be distinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Bryan sets forth "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace." Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronising Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronising Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents, sympathy with the unprivileged average—in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more acquisitive than you'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in

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Parnell

Charles Stewart Parnell, His Love Story and Political Life, by Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00 net.

MARRIED in her twentieth year or thereabouts to a cornet in a sporting regiment, Katherine O'Shea had lived thirteen years with Willie O'Shea and borne him three children before she met Charles Stewart Parnell. Her relations with O'Shea had long been unsatisfactory. Handsome, gay, sarcastic, self-assured, O'Shea was a spoiled and rather dictatorial specimen of the petty aristocracy. Already bankrupt through mismanagement of his racing stable, he spent a great deal of his time away from Mrs. O'Shea engaged in patching up his fortunes, being absent as long as eighteen months at a time on mining ventures in Spain. When they were together O'Shea was rather jarring and possessive, easily made jealous, insisting on visits, visitors and entertainments his wife disliked, with which he alternated periods of undependability and neglect. His wife's impulsiveness and mettle he did not understand, and before the entry of Parnell into their lives "the wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar temperaments began to make us feel that close companionship was impossible, and we mutually agreed that he should have rooms in London, visiting Eltham to see myself and the children at weekends."

Mrs. O'Shea's father was an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood. She was the youngest of a family of thirteen. Brought up in a household where men like Trollope, the older Cunninghame Graham, John Morley came to visit, she spent a great deal of her life with an august aunt at a Georgian lodge in Eltham, to whom George Meredith used to come almost every week for a stipulated two hours of "the classics and their discussion." Mrs. O'Shea knew George Meredith well, and I dare say he, behind his badinage and "effectiveness," knew that flashing spirit rather better.

In 1880 Willie O'Shea was urged to stand for an Irish constituency. "I wrote back strongly encouraging him," says Mrs. Parnell, "for I knew it would give him occupation he liked and keep us apart—and therefore good friends. Up to this time Willie had not met Mr. Parnell."

At this time Parnell was thirty-four years of age. The actual leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, he had already broken away from the "fine reasonableness" of Isaac Butt at which "the English parties smiled and patted the Irish indulgently on the head," and he had initiated his policy "of uncompromising hostility to all British parties and of unceasing opposition to all their measures until the grievances of Ireland were redressed."

Because he disliked all social intercourse with Saxons, Mrs. O'Shea's attempts to secure Parnell for her dinners were repeatedly unsuccessful, but, a determined lady, she eventually decided to deliver her invitation in person at the House. "He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful—and different.'" Mrs. O'Shea planned a theater party for his distraction, and "he and I seemed naturally to fall into our places in the dark corner of the box." "I had a feeling of complete sympathy and companionship with him, as though I had always known this strange, unusual man with the thin face and pinched nostrils, who sat of his broken health . . . and his eyes smiled into mine as he broke off his theme and began to tell me of how he had met once more in America a lady to whom he had been practically engaged some years before."

A few months later, when Mrs. O'Shea was in great distress over the death of Lucy Goldsmith, her lifelong friend and nurse, the tenor of Parnell's notes from Dublin revealed the truth. "I cannot keep myself away from you any longer, so shall leave to-night for London." They did not meet, but Mrs. O'Shea pictures the subsequent weeks. "And my aunt would doze in her chair while I dropped the book I had been reading to her and drifted into unknown harmonies and color of life . . . and I was conscious of sudden gusts of unrest and revolt against these leisured, peaceful days where the chiming of the great clock in the hall was the only indication of the flight of time."

"In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Parnell came to stay with us at Eltham." There he fell ill, brought near to death's door by "his exertions on behalf of the famine-stricken peasants of Ireland," and Mrs. O'Shea nursed him back till he was nearly strong. Hovering over him as he slept, "pulling the light rug better over him," she recalls his murmur: "Steer carefully out of the harbor—there are breakers ahead."

Next year Captain O'Shea came to Eltham without invitation, found Parnell's portmanteau there, sent it to London and left declaring he would challenge Parnell to a duel. The challenge was accepted but "Willie then thought he had been too hasty." Parnell's real emotions seem to have centered on his portmanteau. "My dear Mrs. O'Shea," he wrote, "will you kindly ask Captain O'Shea where he left my luggage? I inquired at both parcel office, cloak room, and this hotel, and they were not to be found." But the incident cemented the fate of O'Shea. "From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse."

In 1881 Parnell was arrested for his Land League activities, and was in Kilmainham at the will of Gladstone until the following May. It was a period of unremitting agony for Mrs. O'Shea, and for him on her account. In February, 1882, she bore Parnell a daughter whom he saw for the first and last time for a day in April. "My little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas."

From that time till 1890, the year of the divorce case, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived their double life. A "volcano capped with snow," Parnell endured secrecy and deception, and she with him, for the sake of the Home Rule bill. When the crash came Mrs. O'Shea was afraid, but his mind was clear. "Put away all fear and regret for my public life. I have given, and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it matters not at all in the end . . . You have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us

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Between O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea there were friendly relations till the end of 1886. She induced Parnell to work for his parliamentary candidacy in 1886, and while O'Shea was willing to use Parnell to further his own necessities (he seems to have been a tool of Joseph Chamberlain) he hated and railed against the imperturbable Parnell. All during their intimacy, Mrs. O'Shea acted as an intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone in negotiations which she vividly recounts. Whenever Gladstone sought Parnell in an emergency he sent for him to Mrs. O'Shea's house. The pious surprise of Gladstone when the crash came was characteristic hypocrisy.

Mrs. O'Shea was married to Parnell in June, 1891. Worn out by his campaign against his own former adherents, now under the dictation of Gladstone and the priests, Parnell succumbed in October. He died October sixth, less than four months after his marriage, in his forty-seventh year.

Now a woman of nearly seventy, Mrs. Parnell has been induced to reveal her intimate life for the sake of Captain O'Shea's child, her eldest son. That young man, whose psychology is not worth discussing, is "jealous for his father's honor," and it is ostensibly to prove that Captain O'Shea was not a willing beneficiary of her relations with Parnell that these two volumes were written. The real motive, however, is the deep human motive of self-vindication. Mrs. Parnell loved one of the great men of his generation. She loved him purely, passionately, consumedly. Possessing the great treasure of his love in return, she has been unwilling to die without rebutting all the slander, all the contumely, all the belittlement and reproach and vilification that were the price she paid for seeming to have cheated Ireland of her uncrowned king. Writing these two volumes "without scruple, without fear and without remorse," she has brought to her aid all the resources of imagination, keen intelligence and vivid memory, and she has produced a work of consummate significance and touching humanness. Defiant of convention, she has given full reality for her reader to the extraordinarily powerful and fascinating personality to whom she dedicated her life. Exposing for this purpose much that is painfully private and sacredly naïve, dwelling on facts that belong, if anything belongs, to that inner life to which Parnell asserted his right so implacably, she has, at this great cost, succeeded in asserting the quality of their personal relation. It was true love, if ever love was true, and it honored human nature. If Captain O'Shea was "deceived," it was the fruit of his own mean inadequacy, determined as he was to keep Mrs. O'Shea in bond, to enforce a legal advantage that flattered his vanity at the expense of everything generous, noble and free. He struggled, as small people always struggle, to keep the springs of life from finding their level, but they were too strong for him. After many years' effort to reconcile herself to insuperable limitations, Mrs. Parnell found an adequate, a complete, an immeasurable appeal to every power and sympathy she possessed. She answered that appeal heroically, failing to conform with the written law in order to conform with what may curtly be called the unwritten law of her own and Parnell's being.

When these volumes were published in London, they were dismissed in twenty lines by the *British Weekly* as an outrage against decency, a "glorification of adultery . . . the foulest treachery and vice." It is quite in keeping with the Gladstone tradition and, indeed, with English righteousness in general, that this work, which the *British Weekly* suggest that he has seized and developed every ingenious

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Sincerity in the Making

The Congo and Other Poems, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.

YOU must hear Mr. Lindsay recite his own "Congo," his body tense and swaying, his hands keeping time like an orchestral leader to his own rhythms, his tone changing color in response to noise and savage imagery of the lines, the riotous picture of the negro mind set against the weird background of the primitive Congo, the "futurist" phrases crashing through the scene like a glorious college yell,—you must hear this yourself, and learn what an arresting, exciting person this new indigenous Illinois poet is. He has a theory of his work, which Miss Monroe has supported in "Poetry," that he is carrying back the half-spoken, half-chanted singing of the American vaudeville stage to its old Greek precedent of the rhapsodist's lyric, where the poet was composer and reciter in one. After hearing the now so well-known "General Booth Enters Into Heaven," and the "Santa-Fé Trail," and "The Firemen's Ball," one's imagination begins to run away with the idea of this Greek rhapsodist-vaudeville stage, where one could get the color and the smash of American life interpreted on a higher and somewhat more versatile plane than is now presented. One finds one's self beginning irresistibly, "Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room," or "Booth led boldly with his big bass drum," and whirling along to rhapsodic improvisation of one's own. The explicitly poetical stage directions which accompany these poems "to be read aloud or chanted," initiate the reader at once into the art, and rather spoil him for the tame business of reading. One hopes that these verses must have come in sweeps of improvisation as the poet swung along on one of his vagabond walks through the interminable prairies of the West. They sound as if they had been shouted to the winds and the clouds, their gaudy rhythms marking time for the slow roll of the sun over the blistering sky.

These later poems represent Mr. Lindsay's finding of his own sincerity. Like most undistinguished and unendowed young Americans of talent, born into an atmosphere without taste and without appreciations, he had to flounder in a tangled maze of "trial and error" before he could even touch his own quality. Born thirty-five years ago in that Springfield which he idealizes with a certain pathetic unconvincingness, he found himself very early with a talent for making verses and illustrating them. Three years at a small Illinois college, a desultory art-training picked up in Chicago and New York, a long tramp as a vagabond poet through the South, wanderings about countless European art-museums, a campaign for the Anti-Saloon League among the farmers of Illinois, and his long walk through the Southwest in 1912, the incidents of which make up the very prosaic "adventures," compose this quite typical enterprise of finding one's place in the world. With almost too facile a fluency of rhyme and metre, Mr. Lindsay has tried every variety of verse from children's poems to political and up-to-date war poems. The "other poems" of the two volumes

poetic diction and philosophy and creed and moral attitude. One poem stamps him Christian, the next agnostic, the next Socialist, the next aesthete or rapt vulgarian at the "movies." It is all tumbled in with an astonishing insensitiveness to what is banal and what is strong.

After reading the adventures, one doubts a little whether the "Gospel of Beauty" was anything more than a stage on the road to sincerity, one of those ideas we Americans like to play with when we are young. Mr. Lindsay is concentratedly American, and his work and career are an illumination of the American soul. If that American soul had ever had any genuine hunger for the beauty of town and countryside which Europe clothes itself in, it would long ago have created that beauty, and not left itself to starve in shabbiness. The poet on his walk seems not to have found natural American beauty down through that long stretch of Missouri and Kansas, nor does he seem to have been saddened at its absence. One thinks of the visual richness of English vagabonds like Borrow and Jeffries, and is amazed at the thinness and poverty of these impressions. A few flowers along the railroad track, plenty of queer people, wheat interminable, but little hint of the quality of the life lived and the high-hearted scenery. Perhaps it is because Mr. Lindsay is too much of a poet not to require verse, for several of his Kansas poems do send long vistas down the mind that has never seen the West, and one still feels through these lines the torturing violence of a nature almost too big for man. The powerful originality of all this later work means the hope that he will leave this other apprenticing with ideas alone forever, and enter at last into his sincerity.

R. S. B.

Dostoevsky's Letters

Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THOUGH Dostoevsky is as disturbing to the spirit as any Hebrew prophet or early Christian saint, yet enigmatically, in the past two or three years when the Garnett translations of his novels have been appearing, he has been received by us most graciously. One can but wonder at the general amiability when the first result of reading him would seem to be a dazed surprise that ordinary life should be so comfortable and unquestioned an affair for so many ordinary and cheerful people. Suddenly the disturbed life of the spirit becomes of utmost and dramatic actuality. The effect of Dostoevsky is like that of a dangerous and delirious fever; the convalescent does not easily feel readjusted to the general life.

This volume of letters, so expressive of the depths of Dostoevsky's spiritual insight, makes comprehensible his dissatisfaction with the usual superficial range of feeling. He had had a fever, as it were; he had spent four years, when he was twenty-seven years old, and when he had just had an intoxicating early success with his novel "Poor Folk," in prison in Siberia, and five years as a private in a line regiment there, condemned for reading revolutionary pamphlets and criticizing the government censorship. This Siberian experience never afterward permitted the common way to seem very real to him, never permitted him any of the useful smugnesses and superficialities. He writes of himself again and again that he is "like a slice cut from a loaf."

After the four years of silence in prison he at once makes it tempting to treat him just for the sanity of his literary and longer account in the "House of the Dead." He was then thirty-two. "I had made acquaintance with convicts in Tobolsk; at Omsk I settled myself down to live four years in common with them. They are rough, angry, embittered men. Their hatred for the nobility is boundless; they regard all of us who belong to it with hostility and enmity . . . A hundred and fifty foes never wearied of persecuting us; it was their joy, their diversion, their pastime; our sole shield was our indifference and our moral superiority which they were forced to recognize and respect." He makes us have a vivid and unforgettable sensation of the prison's filth, the heat, the cold, the hunger, and the "ever present dread of drawing down some punishment . . . the irons, and the utter oppression of spirits." And his conclusion is, "I won't even try to tell you what transformations were undergone by my soul, my faith, my mind, and my heart in those four years. It would be a long story. Still, the eternal concentration, the escape into myself, from bitter reality, did bear its fruit. I now have many new needs and hopes of which I never thought in other days. But all this will be pure enigma for you."

No experience more detaching was ever the lot of a man of letters, and Dostoevsky was "born literary." "I have my own idea about art," he wrote when he was forty-seven, "and it is this: what most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality I hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation of every day trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. . . . Is not my fantastic 'Idiot' the very dailiest truth? Precisely such characters must exist in those strata of our society which have divorced themselves from the soil—which actually are becoming fantastic."

"I have a totally different conception of truth and realism," he wrote again, "from that of our 'realists' and critics. My God! If one could but tell categorically all that we Russians have gone through during the last ten years in the way of spiritual development, all the realists would shriek that it was pure fantasy! And yet it would be pure realism! It *is* the one true deep realism! Theirs is altogether too superficial."

The spirit for him was deeply rooted in the soil, and in the sentiment of nationality. "I hold all evil to be founded upon disbelief," he wrote only a month before his death, "and maintain that he who abjures nationalism abjures faith also. That applies especially to Russia, for with us national consciousness is based on Christianity." The "inmost essence and the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation" is "to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ."

His occupation with the "inmost essence of truth" made him impatient always of the superficialities and compromises that are necessary in activities and agitations. His letter describing the Peace Congress at Geneva in 1867, and that about the Paris Commune, are amusingly full of this impatience.

No artist, however, proclaimed more his need for creative work. And he knew creative work as "gigantic labor." "Believe me," he wrote to his brother, "that a graceful, fleet poem of Pushkin's consisting of but a few lines, *is* so graceful and so fleet simply because the poet has worked long at it and altered much." His feeling for literature as "that sole domain of intellectual and spiritual vitality here below," his feeling that his own work has been too hurried by his need of money and his material too uncontrolled, every literary criticism that he puts down

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ever oddly, lovable, is evident from the reality and sweetness of his human relations. The letters to his niece and to his stepson are models for an understanding between the generations. And supremely does the beauty of his sympathy, which may have been the essence of his charm, come out in his references to his second wife, with whom he had to leave Russia, so deeply was he in debt.

"I was wholly isolated, without resources, and with a young creature by my side who was naïvely delighted at sharing my wandering life; but I saw that that naïve delight arose partly from inexperience and youthful ardour, and this depressed and tormented me. I was afraid that Anna Grigorovna would find life with me a tedious thing. . . . Of myself I could hope little; my nature is morbid, and I anticipated that she would have much to bear from me. (N.B. Anna Grigorovna, indeed, proved herself to be of a nature much stronger and deeper than I had expected; in many ways she has been my guardian angel; at the same time there is much that is childish and immature in her, and very beautiful and most necessary and natural it is, only I can hardly respond to it.)" Anna Grigorovna he presents throughout the letters with the radiant transforming light of the spirit that he gives also to his Sonia, his Varia, his Lizaveta. Intimacy was for Dostoevsky but another way of growth, of realization for the soul. He had never the cruelty of the idealist, proudly disgusted by facts. E. P. B.

Marriage on Trial

"And So They Were Married." A Comedy of the New Woman, by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

TO deny novelty to this comedy would be easy, especially with "Getting Married," "Marriage" and other humbler works so recently in view. But with the status of the married relation varying in every class and every country, Mr. Williams's comedy is no more derivative than the collapse of one part of an unsupported crust is derivative from the collapse of another part. It is because marriage itself is on trial all over the civilized world that this play has come into being. It is not that clever men are conspiring to attack the institution. It is merely that the institution is, with hideous creaking, being painfully adapted to a changing world.

The conservatives in Mr. Williams's comedy are familiar members of the successful bourgeoisie in America. Living in one of those "country" houses that domesticate all the triumphs of hotel civilization and add to them the charms of landscape gardening, the head and front of the conservatives is a "strong" male American of considerable wealth, an unconscious bully and vulgarian. He has two sisters, one young and dependent, the other a "new woman" and independent. The comedy consists in the efforts of the "new woman" to suspire in the stifling spiritual atmosphere of her brother's home.

Because of her dependence, the younger girl is ready to marry a good-looking young man "not brought up to be anything but rich." He is "handsome, ardent, attractively selfish," and she, having no other profession open to her, cynically gets hold of him, though he really loves her older sister. The older sister, on the other hand, is deeply in love with a young scientist in whose laboratory she has started her career. Her wealthy brother is one of the directors of that institute, but he hates his sister's profession-problem of marriage is, accordingly, oriented from every possible side. The relation of property to the institution of marriage is shown in every facet of bourgeois American life. The mistress of the country house is seen to be a slave to her husband, and so their cousin, a clergyman, is forced into ugly conformities for the sake of an invalid wife. The only rebel is the "new woman." She sees that if she marries her scientist (who, by the way, "is a fine-looking fellow of thirty-five, without the spectacles or absent-mindedness somehow expected of scientific genius") she will condemn him to economic slavery, the wreck of his career. She proposes to live with him but not to marry him, to keep at all costs from suburbanizing him, and to do so in defiance of all her family. The scientist himself is willing to compromise. He argues against her belief that "no one is honest about marriage," is surprised at the violence of her sincerity and independence, but finally agrees. The comedy of the situation comes when they are about to set off for Paris for the positions suddenly offered to them by the Pasteur Institute. They admit, to the facetious Judge, who hovers through every act as a wise commentator on the conservatives, that " in the eyes of God" they are man and wife, and he avails himself of their admission to pronounce them wedded by common law.

With a situation so genuinely suggestive and so sympathetically understood, it must be said that Mr. Williams has failed to turn it to full artistic account. In the nature of things such a play was obliged to be discursive, but discursiveness becomes flaccid when each character explicates his motives too obviously and too didactically. It would not be fair to say that these people are not real, but they are certainly dreadfully verbose. While everything they say is logically in character there is very little about them to make them personally real. Satisfying the mind, they do nothing, so to speak, for the eye, the touch or the sense of smell. This lack of physiognomy does not impair Mr. Williams's ideas, but it gives to his ideas a woolen texture, as if he had arrived at them by careful weaving, not leaving us to infer them from actual creatures of flesh and blood.

As one instance of the author's verbose and didactic manner, take these three sentences of Helen's, occurring on pp. 216, 219, 221: "The kind of marriage preached by the Church and practiced by the world—does that cherish the real sacredness of this relationship? Of course, I can only judge from appearances, but so often marriage seems to destroy the sacredness—yes, and also the usefulness—of this relationship!" "The most sacred relationship in life! Ernest, shall you and I enter it unadvisedly, lightly, and with lies on our lips?" "You don't believe in 'half of that gibberish.' Yet you are willing to work the Church for our worldly advantage! You are willing to prostitute the most sacred thing in life! If that is not dishonest, what is!"

Sentences like these may offer mental nutriment, but they do not suggest life. If art has any function it is to make eloquent the feelings by which human beings are inspired, to disclose the beauty of desirable things by whatever means the artist can devise, relevant necessarily but literal never. Even granted that a woman in love could be so obsessed by concepts, which is doubtful, Mr. Williams has done her disservice by reporting her.

In spite of these defects, however, the comedy stands out as a peculiarly sincere contribution to the drama of ideas in America. Quite clear as to the essential depravity of the younger sister, it is equally clear as to the fine serious-

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